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FIDELE AND FORTUNIO
THE TWO ITALIAN GENTLEMEN

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1909

This reprint of the *Two Italian Gentlemen* has been prepared by Percy Simpson and checked by the General Editor.

Mar. 1910. W. W. Greg.

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In the Register of the Stationers' Company is found the following entry:

12/ Novembris/ [1584]

Receaued of him for printinge a booke entituled fedele et fortuna. The deceiptes in love Discoursed in a Commedia of ij Italyan gent and translated into Englishe./ . . . . . vj[d]/ Thomas Hackett/

[Arber's Transcript, II. 437.]

There can be no doubt that this is the play now printed from the unfortunately imperfect quarto at Chatsworth, and very little that it is Hacket's original edition that thus survives. In the absence, however, of the title-page, it is impossible to say how closely the entry followed the wording of the original: evidently the names were Fedele and Fortunio, while the words 'Two Italian Gentlemen' occur both in the head and running titles. The exact extent of the imperfection cannot now be determined, but the extant six sheets signed B to G include the beginning of the text and almost bring the action to a conclusion at the end, so that it is highly probable that not more than two half-sheets A and H are missing. This would give an arrangement similar to that of *Patient Grissell*, a play to which, in spite of a probable difference in date of fifteen years, the present bears a close typographical resemblance. The quarto is printed in an ordinary black letter of a body resembling modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.), interspersed with roman. For reasons already explained in the case of *Patient Grissell* this has been rendered in the reprint by thin-leaded type of a body one size smaller.

In the original is inserted a cutting from a sale catalogue which runs as follows: '4642—The pleasaunt and fine conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie devices of Captaine Crack-stone, in black letter, unique, from Mr. Inglis's collection, imperfect,

green morocco.' This is the entry of the play in the second part of the *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, the lot having been sold on 25 June 1834, when it fetched £20. The purchaser was Rodd, and the copy was clearly that acquired by the sixth Duke of Devonshire. As stated, Heber's copy had previously belonged to John Bellingham Inglis, and it is thus entered in his anonymous sale-catalogue of 'Old Plays,' dated 12 April 1826: '140 The pleasaunt and fine conceited Comœdie of Two Italian Gentlemen, with the merie Devices of Captaine Crack-stone (wants title and ending) black letter, unique, circa 1580.' At this sale it was purchased by Thorpe for £9 12*s*.

There is an allusion to the play by Nashe in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, where Importuno says: 'Yet for all he [i.e. Gabriel Harvey] is such a vaine *Basilisco* and *Captaine Crack-stone* in all his actions & conuersation, & swarmeth in vile Canniball words, there is some good matter in his booke against thee' (1596, sig. Q1^{v}).

The piece is adapted from an Italian play by Luigi Pasqualigo entitled *Il Fedele*, of which another and closer version is found in Abraham Fraunce's Latin comedy, preserved in manuscript at Penshurst, to which modern scholars have given the title *Victoria*.

22. wh en
40. haunt (hunt?)
76. prima
86. acqaintance,
99. If (¶If)
100. longer:
102. ſtay:
107. loouеyou,
108. knew,
110. ſmiters:
117. quick:
122. other
131. Schoolmaiſter.
132. Iniunctionis (?)
137. a ſleep?
166. verſificautes (verſificantes.)
175. rod, (?)
194. Iflooue (?)
211 c.w. Oh (¶Oh)
260. again.
270. prima
tertia,
278. thouſad .... bee,
285. Pamphila,
c.w. Miſtres (¶Miſtres)
286. A ttilia.
293. kno we (?)
314. what's
328. place,
340. deſires:
360. Batte. (a space before the stop)
362. inuiſible,
c.w. You (¶You)
363. Victoria,
364. ſit, (?)
366. beholdethe
374. down.
386. Exeunt
404. be gin. (?)
405. Porcum.
-gooſorumioſtibus (?)
406. Fede (Fede-)
447. d'auenire
448. ch'io . . . m'increſce
450. m'amate,
452. in (in-)
457. rob'd
473 c.w. were (Were)
503. harme:
505. pray:
510. Victoria,
542. good.
563. Temapttor, (Temptator,? cf. l. 629)
571. ſighes. (ſightes, i.e. sighs)
580. haoue bught
583 c.w. Haue (¶Haue)
588. dye:
595. this (s damaged)
596. him come, (an accidental mark between the words, resembling a hyphen)
602. ho, ho. ho.
632. victoria
702. Ima (Ima-)
731. Nowcounſaile
735. wll
739. ADio. (?)
755. heer
756. Il'e
771. meete,

785. delitious,
786. ye,
787. loue,
789. delight,
790. Attlia.
795. Ah,
805. Aedipus,
808. frame,
812, 829, 831, 841. Crack-ſt
833. Sir:
834. Crack-
842 c.w. How (¶How)
846. choole rather (an accidental mark between the words, resembling a comma)
861. mee,
865. tertia,
876. maid:
878. prooue
c.w. Ye (Yet)
887. dwell.
888. greeue.
911. loue.
917. iuing (liuing)
929. T'is . . . praiſe worthy
930. I' le (I'le)
935. delert. (delart.)
Verg. (Virg.)
944. Seena
955. demonſtratiuam,
958. tongnes
959. T'is
967. flores.
970. forgot,
976, 980, 983, 985, 987. pedante.
977. Fedele,
979. liue,
982. well,
983. tell,
986. In deede (?)
Fedele·
988. lee.
993. there,
1013. Sir, If
1019. ralcolly
1054. diua (dira ?)
1056, 1062. Crack-ſt
1057. t'is
1061, 1070. T'is
1092, 1094. pedante.
1092. miſtreſſe,
1093. it,
1103. pamphila.
1104. ſhame.
1105 c.w. ‡No (1106. ¶No)
1108. moſte.
1112. remoued.
1114. Isput
1115. ‡And
1117. ‡Whereof
1124. pamphila.
1138. free.
1142. t'is
1155. creake,
1159. me,
1171. breſte,
1179. hande,
c.w. So (¶So)
1183. deuiſe,
1185. anon,
1190. Victoria,
1191. Fortunio,
1199. T'is
1200. a ſleepe.
1201. ¶But (But)
1207. cleare,
1208. Victoria,
1223. T'is

1234. hell.
1247. Mytoyle
1255. woꝛdes,
1256. Fortunio,
1258. mighſt
1259. behinde,
1268. Calles (Calles, i.e. cauls)
1288. pleaſe,
1301. heer of
1331. Watchmē
1334. awoꝛde,
1340. gr[ ]teſt (small hole in paper)
1393. Crack-ſt
1394. a ſleepe,
1395. T'is
1399. afreꝛado, (?)
1411. vn (vn-)
1412. Victorla (?) . . . pray,
1421, 1425, 1431. Crack-ſt
1432. thok'te
1447, 1451, 1459. Crack-ſt
1468. hers,
1471. night,
1497. lik'te
1505. T'is
1511. Crack-ſtone, (?)
1520. gane. (?)
1528. (leaue
1531. heer.
1532. appeare.
1543. Crack-ſt
1562. ſee,
1563. Victoria
1570. name,
1571. Crack-ſt·
1588. Crack-ſt
1589. T'is
1592. to wne (?)
1593. pournies
1597. Crack-ſt,
1600. Crack-ſt·
1624. is,
1629. ſlitte,
1634. ende,
1635. ſreende,
1636. vndone,
1651. dowe,
1653. Crack-ſt
1654. ¶I (I)
1663. ſpeede,
1666. fit? (fit.)
1693. redeemde.
1694. a ſleepe,
1705. woꝛldagaine.
1708. ioy? (ioy.)
1725. foꝛ giue
1726. T'is
1729. Crack-ſt,
1735. Genlewomās
1738. bleede.
1747. Pꝛomi'ſte
1750, 1756, 1773. Crack-ſt
1755. buttes,
1757. ſee.
1759. iniurie,
1764. ſo? (?)

Speakers' names, printed in the margin as runners, are liable to shift even if originally correct, which was not always so. In the following cases the name appears half a line, more or less, too high: ll. 79, 392-3, 426, 1076-7, 1539. In others the name appears half a line, more or less, too low: ll. 286-9, 292-6 (almost a whole line too low), 308-15,

521-7, 882-900, 918-946, 1103, 1193-9, 1305-1320, 1364-70, 1442-76. To this latter list should be added the cases of the directions at ll. 206 and 452-4, which may be intentional. Minor irregularities are frequent but are not worth recording.

The word 'Actus' is consistently treated as a feminine. The punctuation is often irregular. It has not been noted in the list except where it is seriously misleading or fails to mark the ends of speeches. It should be noticed that in the earlier portion in particular a colon is frequently used where we should expect only a comma. Commas are not infrequent at the ends of speeches in rapid dialogue, but all cases have been noted. A typographical peculiarity, which will be seen in the facsimiles, is the ligatured ꝛꝛ and ꝏ. In the case of the ꝛꝛ ligature the first ꝛ bears an acute accent. The origin of this peculiar sort, which appears in a good many English black-letter founts, is not known, but as it is without present significance it has been disregarded in the reprint.

The margins of the original quarto have been somewhat closely cropped in binding, with the result that a few of the speakers' names have been cut into. Where sufficient of a letter remains to enable it to be readily identified no notice of the mutilation has been taken, where this is not the case resort has been had to brackets.

N.B.—A small error has crept into the line numbering, where 1319 is misprinted as 1119. Fortunately the misprint is an isolated one.

There are also six cases in which the text of the reprint has been found to be wrong. The correct readings are as follow:

405. ioſtibus:	885. Pamphila[
619. Whats	1047. beggerly
847. yeeld.	1428. graines (sic)

List of Characters

in order of entrance.

Fortunio.
Captain Crack-stone.
Pedante, tutor to Fedele.
Attilia, maid to Victoria.
Fedele.
Victoria.
Pamphila, maid to Virginia.
Medusa, an enchantress.
Virginia.
two Watchmen.
Sbirri, captain of the watch.
Ottaviano, father of Virginia.

The soldiers who enter with Sbirri at l. 1554 have no part, but are presumably the same as the watchmen of ll. 1309 and 1331. The scene is Naples.

The best thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who generously placed the original at the editor's disposal, as also to Mrs. S. A. Strong, till recently Librarian at Chatsworth, who was the first to report the whereabouts of the play, and kindly negotiated its temporary transfer to the British Museum.

The pleasaunt and fine

conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, vvith the merie deuises of Captaine Crack-stone.

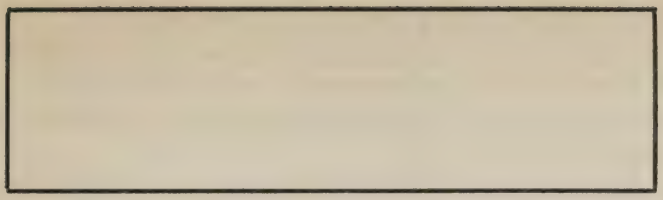
Actus prima. Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captain Crack-stone, Fortunio shewing very sad countenance.

Fortunio. HE that discloseth to a frend the secrets of his minde:
Doth rob him selfe of libertie, besides we dayly finde,
That others councels wil by such in euery care be blowen:
As haue no power when time requires, to smother all their
Heauie and sad thowe seest I am, but why my hart is sore: (owne
Of curtesie content thy selfe and aske me that no more.

Crack-stone. ¶ Heauie in deed and as heauie as lead,
Either it is some of these same bremy quauers, or some kinde of
prickesong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captain;
Heare you Maister Fortunio, by the honor of a Soldier, by the glo-
By all the Poleares and tormenters, that theise hands haue slain,
Do but scoure your minde to mee, and shut vp your greef:
Either Ile finde you some ease, or you shalbe hangd for a theef.
You knowe I am a good fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,
If I had not put my carcas to the Jibbet, I hay not been thus braue.
So now, if you venture not to shewe some trulty body your minde:
It will be very long ere the dreffer you finde.
And so peradventure you shall neuer be sped: (bed.
For wh en the Cooke is out of the way, you must goe supperlesse to

Fortunio. ¶ How findeth he redresse, that breakes his minde vnto a fole?
Or what is learnd, where folly sets the wiser sorte to schole?



The pleaſaunt and fine

conceited Comœdie of two Italian Gentlemen, vvith the merie deuiſes of Captaine Crack-ſtone.

Actus prima. Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio and Captain Crack-ſtone, Fortunio ſhewing very ſad countenance.

HE that diſcloſeth to a freend the ſecrets of his minde: Fortunio.
Dooth rob him ſelfe of libertie, beſides we dayly finde,
That others councels wil by ſuch in euery eare be blowen:
As haue no power when time requires, to ſmother all their
Heauie and ſad thow ſeeſt I am, but why my hart is ſore: (owne
Of curteſie content thy ſelfe and aſke me that no more.
¶ Heauie in deed and as heauie as lead, 10 Crack-
Either it is ſome of theſe ſame bremy quauers, or ſome kinde of ſtone.
prickſong that runnes in his head. (rye of a Captain:
Heare you Maiſter Fortunio, by the honor of a Soldier, by the glo-
By all the Poleaxes and tormenters, that theiſe hands haue ſlain,
Doo but ſcoure your minde to mee, and ſhut vp your greef:
Either I'le finde you ſome eaſe, or you ſhalbe hangd for a theef.
You knowe I am a good fellowe, nothing venture nothing haue,
If I had not put my carcas to the Jibbet, I had not been thus braue.
So now, if you venture not to ſhewe ſome truſty body your minde:
It will be very long ere the dreſſer you finde. 20
And ſo peraduenture you ſhall neuer be ſped: (bed.
For wh en the Cooke is out of the way, you muſt goe ſupperleſſe to
¶ How findeth he redreſſe, that breakes his minde vnto a foole? Fortunio.
Or what is learnd, where folly lets the wiſer ſorte to ſchoole?

Yet sith he braues it with the best, in euery company:
And knowes where euery gallant loues, and sees the remedy,
I will not stick to let him knowe the secrets of my hart:
And make him partner of my pain, and priuie to my smart.
Doo you knowe Victoria?

Crack-stone. ¶ Doo not I knowe her? what think yee? (tance with mee?
As though ere a proper gentlewoman in Naples were out of quain-

Fortunio. ¶ Her haue I seen of late, and often by her windowe past:
From which shee let a letter fall, which taking vp in hast,
I read, and found within described the frantique fits of loue:
Whether it were for mee, or any els I cannot proue.
Whether she faine and baite her hookes the simple to beguile:
Cannot be found, till wit by line haue measured euery wile.
I knowe she loued Fedele once, before he went to Spain:
And meanes perhaps to loue him still, sith hee's returnd again.
Doo thou but sift him for my sake, and haunt out his desire:
And doutles thou shalt haue of mee, thy Captains pay for hire.

Crack-stone. ¶ If this be all Sir, let mee alone,
About your businesse you may be gone.
I will feele Signior Fedeles minde very cunningly:
And return you an answer of this gear presently.

Fortunio. ¶ Gramercie, be trustye.

Crack-st. ¶ As trusty as steele:
I haue no fault but one, I am somwhat short in the heele.

Fortunio. ¶ Mi raccommando. Exit.

Crack-st. ¶ Basilus Codpeece for an olde Manus,
You shall not haue her at rack and maunger I trowe:
Somwhat by this for mine owne proportion I knowe.
When two bones are at strife for a dog, it is commonly seen:
That the third comes and takes it, and wipes their mouthes cleen.
I mean as you see mee in this braualitie:
To be a suter to Victoria with all prodigalitie. (while:
I brought Butter and Cheese hether to victaile the Camp a great
Many times I would nick them of their measure,
and the Soldiers beguile.
Like a crafty knaue, by this meanes I got so much gain:
That I bought this apparell of a Captain that was slain.
And wearing the same abroad as you see:

The

The Soldiers all the town ouer, make a Captain of mee.
One calles mee Captain Cheese, an other Captain Crust:
An other braue Crack-stone, take which name ye lust.
The Gentlemen are euery one glad of my company: (mery.
Because I haue such a wilde wormе in my hed, as makes them all
The women they loue mee, Victoria is cheese:
But shee hath been somwhat strange of late, therfore to be breefe,
I thought some strawes were in the pad, that shee lookt so coy:
But now haue at her again, with a fresh hed in my toy.
I will first vnderpryop Sir Fedele his minde to vnderstand:
See good luck, his Schoolmaister and her Maid are at hand.
As bothe of them freendly togither doo walke:
I will sneke into a corner and hearken to their talke. step aside.

Actus prima Scena secunda.

Enter Pedante the Parasite, attired in a gown and cap like a Schoolmaister, and with him Attilia.

I Pray you maister Schoolmaister let me be gone: Attilia.
I haue halfe on my way, Ile be at home again anone.
¶ Sweet hart and bag pudding goe you so swiftly? Pedante.
Haue with you then, doo ye lack any company?
¶ In faith Sir no. Attilia.
¶ I pray you tell me one thing before you parte, Pedante.
I think you be somwhat wetherwise by your arte.
Doo you knowe me by acqaintance, or gesse you by aime?
That you hit so right on my office in stead of my name?
¶ I haue seen you before if I am not beguilde: (childe. Attilia.
You haue been Schoolmaister to maister Fedele euer since he was a
¶ True sweet hart, but I pray thee be not angry with mee: Pedante.
But giue me leaue a little while to mooue a question to thee.
What is your name, and where doo you dwell?
¶ Softe, there lay a strawe, that will I not tell. Attilia.
Alas poor Attilia, what meanes he by this?
If I stay with him long, my mistres Victoria her seruant wil misse.
About your busines good Sir, I pray you get you away:
I purpose not to tell you my name this day.
¶ Be not so strange faire Lady, I knowe your name very well, Pedante.
And the name of your mistres, and the place where you dwell.

Attilia. ¶ If you doo, much good doo it you, I can tary no longer:
Pedante. ¶ Then I perceiue I ſhall be driuen to try who is the ſtronger.
I ſhall tell you one thing if it pleaſe you to ſtay: (ſtop her.
Attilia. ¶ Speak your minde quickly, a word and away,
Pedante. ¶ Bee not angry I beſeech you, to hear that is true,
You are the faireſt Creature that euer I did view.
Attilia. ¶ What followes of this?
Pedante. ¶ I like you, and loue you, before all the
Creatures that euer I knew,
Attillia. ¶ What ill luck is this? I ſee nothing that makes me to loue and
Pedante. ¶ You might if you tride me, for I come of the ſmiters: (like you.
Attilia. ¶ Great barkers are none of the greateſt biters.
Pedante. ¶ Good miſtres Attilia, becauſe you haue haſte:
I will talke with you more, when your buſines is paſt.
If I can be ſpared from my Maiſter ſo long, ſoon at night:
I will reſorte to your houſe, and lay my meaning wide
open before your ſight.
Attilia. ¶ Farwel Sir Pedante, look you be not too quick: Exit.
Pedante. ¶ What a drunken wooer am I that gaue her neuer a licke,
This falles out pat for my Maiſter Fedele, and comes in the nick.
By cogging and counterfaiting loue, as you ſee:
If Attilia be ſo mad, as to like and loue mee,
By her all the Jugling of her miſtres I ſhall knowe:
And finde whether any new cõmers,
haue ſet my Maiſter beſide the cuſhin or no.
Crack-ſtone. ¶ This is as excrement for my propoſition as can be deſirde,
Soon at night like the Schoolmaiſter will I be attirde.
Firſt come, firſt ſeru'd, if the maid be ſo kreendly to let mee in:
Then Sa Sa Sa, the battaile will beginne.
With that Magnanimiñſtrelſie and mercy, that in mee dooth floe:
I le make a conflict of the Miſtres, and let the maid goe.
Farewell ſeely Schoolmaiſter.
this Iniunction is not found in his Aduerb I trowe. Exit.
Pedante. ¶ Theſe tidings wilbe ioyfull to my maiſter I am ſure,
Who for loue of Victoria ſuffers many a ſharp ſhower:
Enter Fedele. Loe where he comes walking by him ſelfe alone,
With his head full of thoughts, and his hart full of mone.
Rowſe vp your wittes Sir, what are you a ſleep?

Neuer

Neuer be so base minded to a woman to creep.
See, see, your cap on your head, good manners forgot,
Now you are come to your owne swinge, you knowe me not.
Doo your dutie to your maister, good nurture is best:
In via virtutis non progredi, regredi est.
¶ Alas my care so closeth vp my sight: Fedele.
That all is lost, wherin I should delight.
¶ You knowe that it may be said of me, which was said of Vlisses, Pedante.
Multorum hominum mores qui vidit et vrbes.
Therfore if you desire mee your cares to releeue:
The best counsell I can, to you I will giue.
¶ You knowe Victoria is the cause of all my secret smart: Fedele.
Victoriaes beautie is the worme, that gnawes me to the hart.
What counsaile now?
¶ Did not I teach you long agoe out of tragicall Seneca: Pedante.
His golden saying, duo omnium malorum fœmina?
Did I not cause you with your pen in the margent of your book,
to marke that place:
And yet will you be tooting on a beautifull face?
Which no otherwise banisheth, and away dooth goe:
Then water, that neuer returnes to the spring,
from whence it did flowe.
Beautie is so tickle a foundation to bear any frame:
And looue so vncertain, that it throwes the house on his hed
that built the same.
Wherupon I gaue you a good lesson of olde:
Euery letter therof would be written in Golde.
Quod iuuat exiguum est, plus est quod lædit amantes:
They knowe what I mean that are versificautes
¶ If this colde comfort in my need, be all that I shall haue: Fedele.
Out of my sight. No succour at thy handes I mean to craue.
¶ Adultus Iuuenis tandem custode remoto: Pedante.
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper.
The right course of the world, now he runnes vpon wheeles:
Had I knowen this when you were a boy,
I would haue hamperd your heeles.
It were a good deed to set all your fortune at euen and od:
And let you alone till you are beaten with your owne rod.

But the looue that I bear to you euery day:
Will not ſuffer me to ſee this good witte caſt away.
Some tidings I haue for you, therfore be not afraid:
I am growen in acquaintance with Victoriaes maid.
By whome I truſt in the end to knowe:
What Suters to her Miſtres reſorte too and fro.
If no body els do followe the game:
The ſpark that you left in her breſt, will breake out in a flame.

Fedele. ¶ Thankes good Pedante, get thee home and leaue me heer a ſpace:
To trye if I may meet with faire Victoria in this place.

Pedante. ¶ I knowe where to prick that the vain may bleed:
See how faire he dooth ſpeak, when his humour I feed.
This paſſeth Proſodia, Sintaxis and all,
Tis the way to my profit to ſtoop to his call. Exit.

Fedele. ¶ Heer was I wunt to meet with her, and heer I mean to walke:
And ſound her meaning if I may, by mooving her to talke.

Victoria ſetteth open the Caſement of her windowe and with her Lute in her hand playeth, and ſingeth this dittie.

Victoria. If looue be like the flower that in the night,
When darknes drownes the glory of the Skyes:
Smelles ſweet, and glitters in the gazers ſight,
But when the gladſome Sun beginnes to riſe,
And he that viewes it, would the ſame imbrace:
It withereth, and looſeth all his grace.

Why doo I looue and like the curſed Tree,
Whoſe buddes appeer, but fruite will not be ſeen:
Why doo I languiſh for the flower I ſee?
Whoſe root is rot, when all the leaues be green.
In ſuch a caſe it is a point of ſkill:
To followe chaunce, and looue againſt my will.

Speake. Ah poor Victoria, heer it was thy guile,
To ſtand and ſee Fortunio paſſing by:
Whoſe loouely ſhape hath caught me by mine eyes,
And meanes to make me priſoner while I dye.
To gaze on him was like to mee before:
His abſence death, becauſe I ſee no more.

Oh

¶ Oh greedy loue that neuer feeleth glut, Fedele.
How haue I boasted of Victoriaes grace?
With feare at last from fauour to be shut,
And lose the light of such a shining face?
Shall neither teares, nor toyle, nor broken sleep:
Haue force inough a Ladies loue to keep?
¶ And hath Fortunio now forgot the way. Victoria.
Which by my windowe learnd of late to walke:
See the disturber of my peace this day,
Fedele comes to proffer mee some talke.
Sith hee is heer, his patience I will proue:
Whome for Fortunios sake I cannot loue.
¶ I serue a Mistres whiter then the snowe, Fedele.
Straighter then Cedar, brighter then the Glasse:
Finer in trip and swifter then the Roe,
More pleasant then the Feeld of flowring Grasse.
More gladsome to my withering Joyes that fade:
Then Winters Sun, or Sommers cooling shade,
Sweeter then swelling grape of ripest wine,
Softer then feathers of the fairest Swan:
Smoother then Jet, more stately then the Pine,
Fresher then Poplar, smaller then my span.
Clearer then Beauties fiery pointed beam:
Or Yse cruste of Christalles frosen stream.
Yet is shee curster then the Beare by kinde,
And harder harted then the aged Oke:
More glib then Oyle, more fickle then the winde,
Stiffer then Steele, no sooner bent but broke.
Loe thus my seruice is a lasting sore:
Yet will I serue although I dye therfore.

Enter Victoria.

¶ Now must I either fode him off with fained curtesie: Victoria.
Or els be coy in talke, to rid mee of his company. Shee offreth
Sir Fedele well met, and so farwell, I must away: to departe
My busines is such as will not suffer me to staye. & he stay-
¶ Mistres Victoria: let vs haue one woord before yee goe, eth her. Fedele.
Oh loue, oh death, between you bothe, vouchsafe to rid my woe.
¶ A wunder sure it is to see, how gentlemen complain: Victoria.

What

What cark, what care, what hell on earth, for women they sustain.
Your peace is war, your sleep is watching, and your ease is toyle:
Your life is death, your mirth is mone, and your successe a foyle.
These woordes are vde for ornaments to beautifie your stile:
And these I think you followe, poore Victoria to beguile.

Fedele. ¶ If for your sake alone, more then for any other dame:
I were not thus tormented, then, I graunt I were too blame.
But sith your golden graces are the cause of all my greefe:
Giue eare and credit to my plaint, and yeeld me some releefe.

Victoria. ¶ If this be true, why did you part? and stay so long in Spain:
Delay breeds losse, either I thought you would not come again.
Or els that change of company would alter your delight,
And absence put me out of minde, that shut me out of sight.
Did not I say, that your departure would my death procure?

Fedele. ¶ You did.

Victoria. ¶ And could you make me then to feele so sharp a showre?

Fedele. ¶ Need hathe no lawe, the matter toucht my land and life so neer:
That I was forste against my will, to stay no longer heer.
But sith I haue dispatcht, according to mine owne desire:
Loe heer I am to serue you still, in bitter frost, or fier.

Actus prima Scena tertia,

Enter Attilia, Maid to Mistresse Victoria, with Pamphila, Maid to Mistres Virginia, and Medusa the Enchantresse with her box of enchantments vnder her arme.

Victoria. DEparte Fedele for this time, come to me soon at night,
I will consider better of your plaint and heauie plight.
My maid and other company dooth preasse into this place:
It were not good to make them all, acquainted with your case.

Fedele. ¶ A thousad thankes, this in your ear, let that the token bee, Exit.

Victoria. ¶ I knowe your meaning Sir, farwell, referre the rest to mee.
Alas poore soule, he little knowes, how colde a sute he hathe,
He must be dallied with a while, for fear of after scathe.

Attilia. ¶ And must you seek Fedele out?

Pamphila. ¶ I must.

Attilia. ¶ But to what end?

Pamphila, ¶ To craue of curtesie, that he would stand my Mistres freend.

Mistres

¶ Mistres Virginia: Attilia.
¶ The same. Pamphila[
¶ In what matter I pray. Attilia.
¶ Thats counsaile vnto you, I must not euery thing bewray. Pamphila[
And yet by her, so bitter is the taste of loue, I finde:
That gall were sweeter to the mouth, and better to the minde.
¶ I haue the Hare on foot. Attilia.
¶ But knowe you where Fedele is? Pamphila[
¶ Him at his house, or walking in the street you shall not misse. Attilia.
¶ Farewell, I will goe seek him straight. Exit. Pamphila[
¶ Yet finde him not too soon: Attilia.
Alas poore soule, her sute is colde before it be begun.
Loe heer the common fault of loue, to followe her that flyes:
And flye from her that makes pursuite, with loud lamenting cryes.
Fedele loues Victoria, and shee hath him forgot:
Virginia likes Fedele best, and hee regardes her not.
¶ O foolish loue, and louers that look not to theire state, Medusa.
But swimme against the tide, and then repent when tis too late.
If wee could learne to seek to them, that vnto vs doo sue:
The match were made, and wee should haue no cause at all to rue.
When wee be coy, and holde our freendes alooke at cap and knee:
The Hart is marde, and euery eye our folly then dooth see.
¶ What talke you there Attilia? Victoria.
¶ No hurt at all to you. Attilia.
¶ What newes? Victoria.
¶ Good, sweet, and ioyfull newes, Mistres I bring you now. Attilia.
¶ Hast thou met with Fortunio? Victoria.
¶ Not so. Attilia.
¶ Then what's the newes? Victoria.
¶ As I was walking through the streets alone: Attilia.
Deuising how to finde a remedie to cure your mone,
I met Medusa with her box and trinckets as you see:
Whose cunning shortly shall deuise, the way to set you free.
¶ No way without Fortunio. Victoria.
¶ Fortunio you shall haue: Attilia.
Be not afraid therfore in this: this womans aide to craue.
Shee can enchant, and worke wunders, by Magicks learned art:
Shee can with woordes, with charmes and hearbes, giue you Fortunioes hart.

Make much of her.

Victoria. ¶ Ah foole, I knowe that loue is ſuch a paſſion of the minde:
As neither Ayre Spirites can rule, nor force of Magick binde.

Attilia. ¶ Yet trye her cunning, ſith that I haue brought her into place,

Victoria. ¶ Meduſa, will thy drugges procure a pining loouer grace?

Meduſa. ¶ Miſtres, they will.

Victoria. ¶ Open thy box and let me ſee thy ſtore:
Let me haue that ſhall pleaſure me, Ile pay thee well therfore.

Meduſa. ¶ Heer is an Egge of a black Hen, a quill pluckt from a Crowe,
Who with this pen writes on this Egge, a charme ỳ I doo knowe
And names the party whome they like: the ſame ſhall loue again,
What think you of this remedye?

Attilia. ¶ This remedye is vain.
Look farther yet into your box, ſome other medicin prooue:
Becauſe my Miſtres cares not for the ſingle iuice of loue.
She craueth more, ſhee muſt enioy the party ſhee deſires:

Victoria. ¶ Fye, holde thy peace.

Attilia. ¶ Els hath ſhee not the thing that ſhee requires.

Meduſa. ¶ Loe heer a ſpoonfull of a Virgins milke,
Incorporated with a peece of dowe:
Powdred with cinders of fine Spaniſh Silke,
And ſteeped in the licquor of a Slowe.
On thone ſide write Venus and Cupids name:
On thother his that loou'd, then take the ſame
And broyle it on the coales vnto a cruſt,
Balking it well with hony dropes and oyle:
Giue it to him you loue, to kindle luſt,
And then your ſute ſhall neuer ſucker foyle.
This will ſo binde the gallant whome you chooſe:
That he ſhall nere him ſelfe heerafter looſe.

Attilia. ¶ All this is to no purpoſe, yet me thinks you are too wide:
What pleaſure can my Miſtres haue ſo long as he is tied?

Victoria. ¶ Shee meanes not tied in hand or foot, but bound to be my ſlaue:
In all the ſeruices and duties that I mean to craue.

Meduſa. ¶ Heere are two hartes, the one was taken out of a black Cat:
The other from a Pigion: heer is the blood of a Batte.
Heere is a peece of Virgin waxe, heers an inchaunted Bean,
To make you goe inuiſible,

You

¶ You knowe not what I mean. Victoria,
¶ These thinges are prety, but they are not for my Mistres fit, Attilia.
For if she be inuisible, I pray what profits it?
She shall beholdethe man, whome shee delighteth moste to see:
But beeing hid: she neuer can enioye his companye.
Yet shewe vs more.
¶ Heer's thinges will make men melt in fittes of loue, Medusa.
A wanton Goates braine, and the Liuer of a purple Doue.
A Cockes eye, and a Capons spurre, the left legge of a Quaile:
A Goose bill, and a Ganders tung, a mounting Eagles tayle.
But fith they must be taken in thincreasing of the Moone:
Before the rising of the Sun, or when the same is down.
And closely wrapt in Virgin parchement on a Fryday night:
I will not trouble you with these.
¶ Of more lets haue a sight. Victoria.
¶ Heer is the Image of a man, made out in Virgin waxe, Medusa.
Which beeing prickt, or toasted in the flame of burning Flaxe.
Hee that you loue shall come and throwe him selfe before your feet:
More humble then a Lambe, to doo what you shall think is meet.
¶ O that is it. Victoria.
¶ This is it must doo my Mistres good: Attilia.
By Images it must be wrought, Loue is a holy Rood.
¶ Wee must withdrawe our selues aside, and worke it out of sight: Medusa.
¶ Enter my house, the Sun is set, & now begins the night. Exeunt Victoria.

The first Act beeing ended, the Consorte of Musique soundeth a pleasant Galliard.

Actus secunda. Scena prima.

Enter Captain Crack-stone, disguised like a Schoolmaister, in the apparell of Pedante, with a book in his hand.

SOfte, for it is night, I must not make any noyse I trowe: Crack-
Me thinks this apparell makes me learnd, stone.
which of all these Starres doo I knowe.
Yonder is the green Dog, and the blew Beare,
Harry Horners Girdle, and the Lyons eare.
Me thinkes I should spowt Latin before I beware,

Argus mecum inſputare?
Cur Canis tollit poplitem,
Cum mingit in parietem?
Alice tittle tattle Miſtres Victoriaes Maid:
If I ſpeake like the Schoolmaiſter, ſhee will neuer be afraid.
As ſoon as ſhe opens the dooꝛe to let mee in:
With my Ropericall aliquanci I will begin.
Swinum, Velum, Porcum. Graye-gooſorum ioſtibus
Enter Fede le and Pedante. Rentibus dentibus, lofadiſhibus, come after vs.
I haue berayed my ſelfe I think with ſpeaking ſo high:
This is Sir Fedele that is ſo nigh.
Till he be paſt it were not good foꝛ mee to appeere:
Therfoꝛe Ile ſlip into the Temple,
and hide me in the Tombe that ſtandeth heere.

Fedele. ¶ Too ſtraunge it is, that when I ſhould reioyce,
A chilling feare dooth flit through euery vaine:
And when I hope to heare Victoriaes voice,
Doubt throwes me downe into diſpaire again.
The comfoꝛt that ſhe gaue me, was ſo colde:
That foꝛ my life I dare not be too bolde.

Pedante. ¶ Degeneres animos timor arguit,
faint hart neuer wun faire Lady they ſay:
And Amor odit inertes, take that by the way.
Seeing ſhee appointed this time, foꝛward with a courage,
neuer ſtand you in doubt:
Imagination many times fetcheth wunders about.
Not becauſe it changeth the courſe of the thing you would finde:
But becauſe it dooth rule and gouern the minde.

Fedele. ¶ I ſhiuer ſtill, come beare me company,
Untill thou ſeeſt mee nearer to the dooꝛe:
Thy ſpeech dooth giue me comfoꝛt mightily,
And egges me on vnto it moꝛe and moꝛe.

Pedante. ¶ Andate allegramente, you are right vnder her windowe now:
What ſhall I doo, will you haue me to leaue you?

Fedele. ¶ Not ſo, but ſtay vntill thou ſeeſt me in:
To giue the ſigne I purpoſe to begin.

Heer let him either taſte a Flute or whiſtle, at the ſound wherof: Victoria comes to the windowe, and throwes out a letter, which

which Fedele taketh vp, and reades it at the lamp which burneth in the Temple.

What meaneth this? a letter: woe is mee,
Where shall I read it? light within the Temple I doo see.
¶ This greeting me thinkes is none of the best: Pedante.
I see by his countenaunce he likes not the rest.
¶ Ah cruell Dame that can dissemble so, Fedele.
Dye poore Fedele, like thou must forgoe.
¶ What newes in your letter Sir, tell mee? Pedante.
¶ Read it thy selfe and see. Fedele.

Pedante readeth the Letter

La mia mala fortuna m'ha fatto d'auenire cosa che meglio sarebbe ch'io non fusi nata, m'incresce non poter attenderui la promessa, ma piú mi duole, che mi sia tolta la commodita del vederui, però se m'amate, non passate mai piú di qua, perche sarete causa della mia rouina.

This is strange vpon strange, your dayes are out worne, Pedante interprets the Letter.
,, My fortune is such, that it had been better for mee
I had neuer been borne.
,, I am sory that I can not stand to my word:
,, And more sory, that fortune to mee will not your presence afford.
,, Sith I am rob'd of your company whome most I desire:
,, If you loue mee come no more this way,
for breeding my trouble, and kindling of fier.
Heer is a sleeueles aunswer with all my hart,
You haue your errand Sir, now when you wil you may departe.
¶ It cannot bee, but that Victoria hath an other loue: Fedele.
Therfore I purpose presently, her priuie sleights to proue.
¶ You are the fearfullest gentleman that euer I knewe: Pedante.
It is impossible that should be true.
Your owne doubtfulnes tangles you still in the briers,
Did I neuer teach you: That a woman denies that in showe,
which in deed shee desires.
Are all those horrible othes which so oft shee hath sworne,
Any likelihode that shee would leaue you forlorne?
Remember her teares and her pitifull lookes:
If shee loue you not still, I dare burne my bookes.
¶ No no, her othes and teares, and lookes, and all thou canst repeat Fedele.

Were but as ſhadowes finely caſt, to couer her deceit.
But ſith I finde her as ſhee is, I will reuenge the wrong:
Or dye the death in this attempt, becauſe I liue too long.

Pedante. ¶ You are to haſty a Soldier, too the battaile to goe,
If you will be reuenged ere your enemy you knowe.

Fedele. ¶ Mine enemies I purpoſe ſtraight to try,
Hide thee within ſome priuie corner heer: 480
Be dilligent to mark who palleth by,
And if that any other man appeere
Either to enter, or to iſſue out,
Mark what he is, and put mee out of doubt. Exit.

Pedante. ¶ Farwell Sir, commit the care to my hande,
As cloſe as I can, in this place I wil ſtand.
Unſeen vnto any, yet beeing of all:
A prety ſcowte ſet to take a knaue in a pit-fall.
Yonder come ſome, whatſoeuer they bee,
Stand cloſe Pedante, that no body ſee. 490

Actus ſecunda. Scena ſecunda.

Enter Meduſa, Victoria, and Attilia, diſguiſed like Nunnes, with lighted Tapers in their handes.

Crack-ſtone liftes vp his head out of the Tombe, and ducks downe againe, ſpeaking this as followeth.

Crack-ſt. ¶ A rope on theſe paſſengers, I am in a miſerable plight,
I think I ſhall not get out of this place this night.

Meduſa. ¶ Tis almoſte one a clock, the fitteſt houre to binde the Spirites:
And compas euery thing, that beſt may further your delights.

Victoria. ¶ Then let vs goe. 500

Pedante. ¶ O che cricca di vacche? what cattell haue we heare?
Be they women, or deuils in the likenes of women that appeare?

Attilia. ¶ Miſtres take heed we be not ſpide, for that may breed vs harme:

Victoria. ¶ No, no, but like a ſorte of Nunnes vnto the Church we ſwarme.

Meduſa. ¶ Enter the Chappell, we will make as though we ment to pray:

Victoria. ¶ Read good Meduſa.

Pedante. ¶ Ah miſerable Pedante, would I were away,

I quiuer so fast, that I feele no ground:
Tis a company of witches I hould forty pound.
¶ When begin you sweet hart? Victoria,
¶ Make haste you had need, Attilia.
The day will approche, and the night gon with speed.
¶ A rope on them all, they goe a catter-walling I trow, Pedante.
Whome they meane to torment I would gladly knowe.
¶ This water and this oyle I haue, is coniured as you see, Medusa.
In the name of those Spirites that written on this Image bee.
Now must I write the name of him whom you so much doo loue:
Then binde these spirites, him to the like affection for to moue.
I charge you as you meane to purchase fauour in his sight:
And by the vertue of mine art, tell me his name aright.
¶ Fortunio. Victoria.
¶ Thats he that dooth my maister Fedele disgrace, Pedante.
And this is Victoria disguised in place.
¶ Your name vpon the brest, his on the forehead must I write, Medusa.
Then coniure, now it is the stillest time of all the night.
¶ Doe so. Victoria.
¶ I coniure thee thou waxen Image heere, Medusa.
By Venus fruitfull wombe that Cupid bare:
That in Fortunios name thy force appeare,
To comfort fayre Victoria ful of care.
That by the vertue of mine Art thou be:
In this her greef a present remedy:
I coniure thee Fortunio at the length,
By head, eyes, eares, thy liuer and thy hart:
Thy Guttes, thy vaines, flesh, blood, bones, sinewes, strength,
Thy lights, thy lungs, feet, hands, and euery parte.
That presently thy brest be set on fier:
And all thy bowels boyle with hot desire.
Look that by night thou take no quiet rest,
By day thou lothe thy comfortable food:
Let euery ioy be daggers to thy brest,
See, heare, and touch naught that may doo thee good.
Til fancy make thee for a louer meet,
And throw thee down before Victoriaes feet.
Look that she neuer passe out of thy minde,

But

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But paint her heauenly face in euery thought:
Looue her aboue all Creatures of her kinde,
Proſper not, till by thee her ioyes be wrought.
But walke as this melts at the candles flame:
Amen, fiat, fiat, in Cupidoes name.

Victoria. ¶ What haue you doon? and is the Spirit come vp that you do call?

Pedante. ¶ The greateſt Feend of hell come and take you all.

Meduſa. ¶ With oyle of Virgin waxe I thee annointe,
And ſigne, and marke thee with the holy Croſſe:
In Venus name, I water euery ioynt.
That looue by thee may neuer ſuffer loſſe.

Victoria. ¶ Now haue you doon?

Meduſa. ¶ It muſt be prickt, and ſet in greater heat:
Then the Spirits bound, before it doo the feat.

Attilia. ¶ Make haſte. (writ:

Meduſa. ¶ I Coniure you yee Spyrites, whoſe names are on this Image
And now rehearſe you one by one, in order as you ſit.
Nettabor, Temapttor, Vigilator, Somniator, Aſtarot, Berliche,
Buffon, Amachon, Suchon, Suſtani, Aſmodeus.

Pedante. ¶ Ottomanus, Sophye, Turke, and the great Cham:
Robin goodfellowe, Hobgoblin, the deuill and his dam.
O vi poſſono portar in precipitio.

Meduſa. ¶ I coniure you, you foule infernall knot of baſer Spyrites,
By the moſte Mighty power and force of that great God of looue:
Bothe by the Bowe and dreadfull dint of all his feathered Flights,
And by his wingges, and by the ſmoake of loouers ſcalding ſighes.
And by the ſmart and ſorowe, that this troubled dame dooth prooue:
By all the Planets that our hartes, to hate or liking mooue.
By the deſires of her that hath Victoria vnto name:
By Venus Fillet, and the goulden pleaſures of her game.
Breake looſe I ſay, and trudge with haſty foot out of your denne,
Hunt and purſue, beſturre your ſelues to ſeek Fortunio out:
Forſake with ſpeed the ſtincking fogge of that your vgly fenne,
Poſſeſſe, and chace him, ſee that you returne no more again,
Till you haoue brought him down and humbled him, if he be ſtout,
Driue him with your tormenting gnawe, the Citie round about.
Goe make his bed of Thiſtles, and his ſeat of pricking thorne:
Untill you bring him hether vnto her that is forlorne.

Haue

¶ Haue you doon Meduſa? Victoria.
¶ Now muſt I ſtick a needle in his hart, Meduſa.
And prick him with the point, before we parte.
¶ I pray you prick him well. Attilia.
¶ If that I ſtrike the needle through, the gentleman will dye: Meduſa.
¶ Then ſpare him good Meduſa, touch him tenderly. Victoria.

Heer they throw their candles into the Tombe where Crack-ſtone lyeth.

¶ Now haue I doon, follow and throw your Tapers out of hand, Meduſa.
Into this Tombe that as you ſee, hard by vs heer dooth ſtand:
Set fier vnto their feet, and toaſt the corſes of the dead,
That long haue ſlept within this place ſince they were buried.
¶ But will this make him come, and then ſubmit him ſelfe to mee? Victoria.
¶ Miſtres it wil, and you th'euent therof ſhall ſhortly ſee: Meduſa.

Crack-ſtone riſeth out of the Tombe with one candel in his mouth, and in eche hand one. The women and Pedante fly, crying the deuil the deuil. The women let fall the Image, and Crack-ſtone taketh it vp.

¶ All is mine, ho, ho. ho. All is mine, Crack-
Diuils were ſmocks, in this latter time. (ſeen: ſtone.
Such ſights, as among the bones of the dead in this Tombe I haue
Would haue made any man but my ſelfe,
out of his wittes to haue been.
Good Lord: once me thought I ſaw my Grandam trot round about
me in her gray peticote and her red cap,
Neuer ſince I was borne, was I taken in ſuch a trap.
Another time me thought I ſaw the ſoules,
of all them that died for loue,
Cry out vpon Lady Uengeance, one that was ſuch a fair
woman as nothing could moue.
Little Cuprit him ſelfe in the bottome of hell:
Curſt fayer Lady Pilcher, for burning his ſkin with a Lamprell.
This coniugation put me in a terrible feare,
If it had continued longer, Termagant, Rawhead, Roſte-meat, and
Eatbread, and all the armies of Deuils had been heer.
What this? ſomwhat I perceaue they haue let fall for haſte,

An Image in waxe very pretely caſte.
Fortunio is written in the forehead of the ſame,
And iumpe vpon his belly Victoriaes name.
This falleth out very well for me,
I'le ſende this to Fedele that he and Fortunio the ſame may ſe.
This will make them to hate her wonderfully,
Then ſhall I haue her in ſpight of the pye.
What haue we here? a needle in his heart,
And names of Augrem writte round about it with Margaris arte.
Nettabor, Temptator, Vigilator, and Buffon.
They come, they come, they come, tis time to be gone. Run away.

Actus ſecunda. Sena tertia.

Enter victoria and Attilia.

Victoria. ¶ In ſuch a feare at riſing of the ſpirites wee all were caſt,
That being ſcarde, we loſt our way and Image too at laſt.
I maruell where Meduſa is?
Attilia. ¶ Shee tooke her to her heeles,
And time I trowe, for all ỳ world me thought did rũne on wheeles.
Victoria. ¶ Sith this enchanting takes no place, go ſeeke Fortunio ſtreighte,
And tell him that to ſpeake with him his pleaſure I do wayte.
A worde or two will ſerue my turne, goe ſeeke him out of hand,
Attilia. ¶ Where ſhall I ſeeke him? for I knowe not where his houſe doth
Victoria. ¶ By ỳ Piazza, there I am ſure ỳ thou ſhalt ſee him walke, (ſtand.
Spending the time with one or other of his friends in talke.
Attilia. ¶ I goe. Exit.

Actus ſecunda. Sena quarta.

Enter Fedele whiſpering with Pedante.

Victoria. ¶ I was ſo troubled in my minde, with fright of ſudden feare,
That yet I feele my ſinewes ſhake, and tremble euery where.
Alas looke where Fedele comes, I cannot ſcape vnſeene,
He is importunate, I knowe not how to ridde me of him cleene.
Fedele. ¶ Ah curſed dames, their loue is like a flame,
Muiuering in th'Ayre betweene too blaſtes of wynde,
Borne here and there, by either of the ſame.

Yet

Yet properly to none of both enclinde.
Hate and disdaine is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and treason in their bosome lies.
Their promises are made of brittle glasse,
Grounde with a fillop to the finest dust,
Their thoughtes as streaming riuers swiftly passe.
Their wordes are oyle, and yet they gather rust.
Their vertues mount like billowes to the skyes,
And vanish straight out of the gazers eyes.
True are they neuer founde but in vntrueth,
Constant in naught, but in inconstancie,
The common foes of weale, and fluddes of rueth.
Deuouring cankers of mans libertie.
Here doth the staine of modestie abide:
And shrowdingly desires her selfe to hide.
But get thee streight to Sir Fortunio.
Will him to come and speake a word with me,
Haste and poste haste with speede see that thou goe,
That he this treacherie may quickely see.
Meane while on her whose face beginnes to glow:
The burden of my brest I meane to throw.
¶ Then take you this Image of waxe that you see, Pedante.
Crackstone the Captaine deliuered it to mee.
Being his turne as he said for to watch this night,
And breaking vp sentinel when it began to be light.
This Image he tould me in the streete he founde,
Lying harde by the chappell vpon the grounde.
This is the same that was made to inchante Fortunio,
Beholde it and see whether I say trueth or no.
¶ He plowghes the seas, and fishes in the lande, Fedele.
And loseth all the labour of them both,
He fondly reares his fortresse on the sande.
That buildes his trust vpon a womans troth.
But get thee hence about thy businesse,
That I may talke with this my good mistresse.
¶ A Dio. Exit. Pedante.
¶ Well met good Sir Fedele, whats the cause Victoria.
Of these your troubled lookes that I beholde,

What rain is threatned by these stormy flawes:
Which by your gate, and gesture you vnfolde?
Is loue the spark that kindels all this fier:
Or doo you lack the fruit of your desire?

Fedele. ¶ The cause that sets my gestures out of frame,
Is in your selfe if you doo search the same.

Victoria. ¶ And why good Sir? 698

Fedele. ¶ What make you heer so early in the street?

Victoria. ¶ My longing thoughts did prophesie, that heer I should you meet.

Fedele. ¶ Not mee but Sir Fortunio: you know this I am suer: Shew her
And what by magick you haue doon, his fauour to procure. the Ima
I neuer thought so fayre a dame, had been so foule within, ge.
But sith continued seruice, had no force thy grace to win:
Be suer vnthankful wretch, periur'd and moste disloyall dame:
I will not rest, before I bee reuenged of the same.
This to Fortunio presently I purpose shall be shown:
And open byute of thy reproche, throughout the Citie blown. 708
All that in Naples dwell this day, shall wunder at this deed,
And euery wounding tung shall make thine honor now to bleed.
My selfe will help to teare the hart, out of thy body quick,
And giue thy crimson coulered blood, vnto the dogs to lick.
So liuely wil I blaze thee out, to euery gazers eye:
That though thy carcas rot and waste, thy shame shall neuer dye.
As busy will I bee to plague thee more then is expresst:
As thou wast cunning to deceiue the man that lou'd thee best.

Victoria. ¶ I think you are disposed to iest, and make some triall heere,
How trimly you can tread aloft to thunder in mine eare.
For when I slide into my selfe, and there examine well,
What I haue doon, I finde I neuer from Fedele fell. 720
And yet I see your hart still workes, by which I doo suspect,
Some Sicophants would make you, your Victoria to reiect.
But patience is a vertue, as the woorthiest wits doo say,
My loue to you, deserues not that you vttred heer this day.

Fedele. ¶ Yes that, and more, in thee's no trueth, loue, faith, nor loyaltye,
But lies, dessembling, falshood, hate, sin, shame, and sorcery.
Bestur thy selfe, enchaunt, and coniure now and doo thy woorst,
The day thow knewst vs both, shall shortly be by thee accurst.

Victoria. ¶ I am not priuy vnto this, nor know Fortunio.

Ah

Ah poore Victoria thou art caught, alas what shall I doo?
Nowcounsaile me Attilia, Attilia, is not heer:
Where be my gallants now, will not Crack-stone appeare?
Now is the time for thee Crack-stone my hart to gaine,
Oh saue my life, and him dispatch that dooth mine honor staine.
Doo this and then I will be thine, and listen to thy sute,
But til that I may speak with him, tis best that I be mute.
Farwell Sir, be not rash, but Judge, I cannot answere much:
More you shall know when time hath tried,
my truth by perfect tuch. A Dio. Exit.
¶ A diauolo. Fedele.
As I haue known thee, so shall Sir Fortunio know thee straight,
For whome I sent, and heer he comes, whose comming I doo wait.

Actus secunda. Scena quinta.

Enter Fortunio with Pedante.

¶ Est mora damnosa, pray let vs away, Pedante.
For yonder my Maister your comming dooth stay.
¶ Sir Fedele God saue you. Fortunio.
¶ And you Sir Fortunio, Fedele.
I was so bolde to charge my man, vnto your house to goe.
Matters of waight I haue to you, of freendship to imparte:
¶ My leasure serues, and I will stand, to heer withall my hart. Fortunio.
¶ Not so, but sith it asketh time, if you will take the pain, Fedele.
To walke with mee vnto my house, there wil I tell you plain.
Both what I saw and heard of late, which toucheth you so neer:
That you will giue mee thanks I know, when you the matter heer
¶ Goe when you please Il'e beare you company, Exeunt Fede- Fortunio.
¶ Pedante you may walke abroad, le & Fortunio Fedele.
till Dinner draweth ny. arme in arme.
¶ With a good wil Sir, thats the thing I desire, Pedante.
But if I meet not Attillia, the fat is in the fier.
For my Maisters sake, I began to loue her in iest,
And may chaunce to swallow a Gudgion in earnest.
For loue is a Fox, he beginneth at first by dalliance and play:
Then encreaseth his gettings euery day. Enter Attilia.
Oh deus adiunxit nostris sua numina votis.
Beholde I beseech you my delicate Mistris.

Somewhat hanges in the winde, that makes her to lower,
What ayle you ſweete hearte why looke you ſo ſower?
Attilia. ¶ My miſtreſſe weepes.
Pedante. ¶ Heighe ho, whats the cauſe?
Attilia. ¶ She bade me ſeeke a friend of hers, with whom I can not meete,
Pedante. ¶ Apply warme clothes to her ſtomacke, and looke that ſhe take no
Attilia. ¶ Are you a Phiſition? (colde of her feete.
Pedante. ¶ I forſooth for a woman.
Attilia. ¶ So me thought by the talke, that before you did moue,
I pray Sir, what was it you ſayde of loue.
Pedante. ¶ Eſt Deus in nobis agitante caleſcimus illo.
I dare not tell you the meaning, leſt I make your cheekes gloe.
But if it be true that the Poet doeth ſing,
He is not a man that feeles not loues ſting.
I will be in loue as ſoone as I can,
Becauſe I would haue euery body count me a man.
Attilia. ¶ I heard a tale of Florio, not ſcarſe three or foure dayes paſte,
And Biancofiore whoſe ſweete loue was hony to my taſte.
Pedante. ¶ Is loue ſo delitious,
Attilia. ¶ It is, I aſſure ye,
Pedante. ¶ Then I am in loue,
Attilia. ¶ With whome I pray thee.
Pedante. ¶ With thee my delight,
Attlia. ¶ I am ſorie, you take not your marke aright.
Stande backe Pedante thou preſumſte, I am not as you deeme,
So quickly wonne, my name and honour lightly to eſteeme.
Pedante. ¶ Diſcourteſie killes me. Proffer to embrace her.
Attilia. ¶ Away when I bid yee.
Pedante. ¶ Ah, Here let him counterfaite the paſſion of loue by lookes and ieſture.
Attilia. ¶ Shewe all the paſſions that you can, yet will not I be wonne,
To ſerue you as a friend of mine to one of late hath done.
For louing one, as might be you, order to him ſhe gaue,
In beggers weede to come to the doore, an almes of her to craue.
And ſo he did, ſhe let him in, but what was his rewarde,
I cannot tell, hearing the tale I did not it regarde.
I gelle they drunke a pollet when her miſtreſſe was a ſleepe,
Come not you ſo to me, our doores I purpoſe faſt to keepe.

¶ Dauus

¶ Dauus ſum non Aedipus, in parables now ſhe begins to flow, Pedante.
I may chance to trye whether I ſhalbe welcome or no.
Farewell miſtreſſe Attilia, I am to proude my ſelfe vnto begging to
¶ So continue leſte at laſte you repent the ſame. (frame, Exit. Attilia.
Now he is gone, Crackſtone the captaine I muſt finde,
And to bring him to my miſtreſſe ſtraight to vnderſtād her minde.
Long hath he ſued to be her ſlaue, now muſt he ſhew the ſame, Enter
And ſet himſelfe againſt Fedele to remoue her ſhame. Crack-ſt
Good lucke, he comes. 813
¶ May looke for no more Latin now my gowne is gone, Crack-ſt.
My learning with my reparrell goes off and on.
I would I could meete with maſter Pedayntrye,
To knowe what his maiſter ſaith to the chauntrye.
I beleeue it is as heauy as lead to reiſte,
And therefore while time ſerues me to take the ſame I were beſt.
Nowe will I to winne miſtreſſe Victoria take ſome payne,
While ſhe is quite out of fauour with them twayne. 821
Yonders her mayde, I'le ſalute her by and bye,
Miſtreſſe alice title tatle, well met of mine honeſtie.
How doeth your miſtreſſe.
¶ As well as ſhe may, Attilia.
And very deſirous to ſpeake with you to day.
¶ What would ſhe? Crack-ſt.
¶ I knowe not. Attilia.
¶ Doe you ſpeake as you thinke? Crack-ſt
¶ I haue no cauſe Sir from the trueth to ſhrinke. 830 Attilia.
¶ I knowe not what I ſhould ſay, for ſhe doeth me iniurie, Crack-ſt
That regardeth no more my ſeruice and brauerie.
¶ Oh ſay not ſo Sir: Attilia.
¶ Why am I not braue? Crack-
¶ Yes indeed, and a propperer man ſhe can neuer haue. Attilia.
¶ I will not ſticke for her ſake to pull Iuniper and all the gods frō Crack-ſt.
If I may ſee that my portnance doth pleaſe her eye. (the ſkye,
Euery woman that on earth at this day doth liue,
Is more beholding to me, then to her parents that like vnto her did
¶ Why Sir? (giue. Attilia.
¶ They gaue them life that paſſeth away, Crack-ſt
And I giue them ioyes that neuer decay. 842

How

Attilia. ¶ How proue you that?
Crack-ſt. ¶ I am ſo terrebinthinall and play ſuch reakes
when I come to the feeld:
That mine enemies chooſe rather to murder them
ſelues then to yield.
Wherby their Damned ſoules haue ſo peſtered all hell:
That ther's no roome left for women to dwell.
Thus being thruſt out of the place that is theirs by right:
They are conſtraind into heauen to take their flight.
Attilia. ¶ I confes that this benefit is ſo great,
That my tung is not able your praiſe to repeat.
Crack-ſt. ¶ Beſides that, I haue as good luck as any man of my ſile,
To finde fauour and freendſhip in Gentlewomens eyes.
I thank them they flout me to my face, when no other they mock,
This was my fathers craft, for he euer made my Mother
to wrap mee in her ſmocke.
Giue me good luck and throw mee into the Seas,
Where women take a pitch, it is eaſy to pleaſe.
Attilia. ¶ Truth Sir, but will you goe too my Miſtres with mee,
Crack-ſt. ¶ With an almond hart my girle I wil follow thee. Exeunt.

The ſecond Act beeing ended, the Conſorte
ſoundeth again.

Actus tertia, Scena prima.

Enter Miſtres Virginia, with Pamphila her maid.

Pamphila. MIſtreſſe I may, and will once more goe
ſeek him if you pleaſe:
Although I feare his anſwere wil returne you little eaſe.
What though he loou'd you firſt? you ſee his ſute
falles to the ground,
And by this ſmall purſute, thinkes you are as good loſt as found.
Hee ſtooperh to Victoriaes lure, but ſhe hath caſt him of,
Hee bowes, and creepes to her, ſhe turnes his labour too a ſcoffe.
Virginia. ¶ How canſt thou tell?
Pamphila. ¶ Euen yeſterday I heard it of her maid:
Virginia. ¶ If it bee ſo, then is hee iuſtly plagued from aboue,
And feeles that hell of minde, which all forſakē Ghoſtes doo prooue

Ye

Yet can I not beleeue it Pamphila, before I see,
And gather by his answere, that he hath forsaken mee.
Therefore goe seeke him out againe.
¶ Mistresse it shall not needs, Ent. Fedele. Pamphil[
Loe where he walkes as sad as though his heart within did bleede.
¶ Steppe to him straighte. Virginia.
¶ Master Fedele, if you knew as well Pamphila
To loue: and her that loues you, to releeue,
As you are skilfull in deceite to dwell.
And to torment whome you should neuer greeue.
Happie were she that beares you in her breste,
Happie were you of such a pearle possesste.
¶ What meaneth this? Fedele.
¶ Talke with my mistresse Sir, and you shall knowe, Pamphila[
¶ Then to thy mistresse Pamphila, I goe. Fedele.
Mistresse Virginia, what's the cause I pray,
That you did sende of late to seeke me out?
If you haue any thing to me to say,
Speake, that I may resolue you of the doubt.
¶ Fedele, now beholde thy crueltie, Pamphila.
Her voyce is stopt, and doth for sorowe die.
¶ I neuer thought Fedele to haue founde, Virginia.
Your shewe of faith in promises forgot:
Your lyking dead, and buried in the grounde,
My selfe cast off as though you knew me not.
To loue in iest and turne it to a scorne,
Is not the nature of a Gentle borne.
¶ Mistresse, I loue you as I did before, Fedele.
As dearely as the dearest friend you haue,
Or as a brother, would you any more?
Commande of me what curtesie may craue.
If Fancies lurking poyson you remoue,
And be not shipt in Seaes of raging loue.
Whose great companions are discorde and wrath,
Flattery, Deceit, Treason and Crueltie:
Heuinesse of minde, greef, penurie, and scathe:
Unrest, suspicion, feare, and Jealousie,
Consuming hunger, and an endlesse thirste,
A liuing death, like dying with the firste.

Virginia. ¶Ah Pamphila, I finde thy woꝛdes are true,
The moꝛe in liking I did thinke him bound:
The looſer he, and hunteth after newe,
His talke was nothing but an empty ſound.
Thoſe vertues nowe, I ſee he doth deſpiſe:
That once did painte my picture in his eyes.
If Juſtice Pallace ſtande aboue the ſkyes,
And angrie gods doe looke into our life:
Some plague no doubt, foꝛ him they will deuiſe,
And ſcourge him with ſome ſtoꝛme of bitter ſtrife.
Although he vaunt of conqueſt here a while,
T'is not praiſe woꝛthy a woman to beguile.
Come Pamphila I' le learne to ſet him light,
That ſo diſſembles with a double tongue,
Helpe to conueighe me ſtreight out of his ſight,
Whoſe wandꝛing choyſe hath done me double wꝛong.
Farewell Sir, as we met, we meane to parte.

Pamphila. ¶This greeting anſweres vnto his deſert. Exeunt Verg. & Pam.

Fedele. ¶So quickly gone? farewell, all women foꝛ Victoriaes ſake,
And on them all foꝛ her, reuenge I meane to take.
Buſie they are with pen to wꝛite our vices in our face,
But negligent to knowe the blemiſh of their owne diſgrace.
Geſtures and lookes in readineſſe, at their command they haue,
Mirth, ſoꝛowe, feare, hope, and what other paſſion you can craue.
Hence riſeth euery cloude in loue, this breedeth all the ſtrife,
Snares to our feete, deuouring cankers, theſe are vnto life.

Actus tertia. Seena ſecunda.

Enter Pedante with the robe on his arme.

Pedante. ¶Ridetur chorda qui ſemper aberrat eadem.
I cannot abide Sir, to harpe ſtill vpon one ſtring,
It is too Cuckolike they ſay, one ſong continually to ſing.
It were good foꝛ you to learne quickly in what cleeke you
should take your part,
And be ſpeedely reuenged on her that ſtrikes ſuch a dagger
to your heart.
Oh they are full of deceit, cogging, flattery, foiſting,
twitle-twatle, and I know not what,

This

This Genus demonſtratiuam, is ſuch a bottomleſſe ſea,
you will neuer haue done if you enter into that.
The diſpraiſe of women is ſo great, that without doubt,
All the tongnes in the world are not able to ſet it out.
T'is one of my precepts, to be ſhort and ſharpe in word and bloe,
When they anger you, bid the deuill take them all, and make no
¶ Waſte thou ſo neare Pedante? (more adoe. Fedele.
¶ I heard you well ynough. Pedante.
I thinke I muſt bring you to Copia rerū againe for chāge of ſtuffe,
Leaue theſe exclamations, and crying out vpon women now,
If you looke well to your ſelfe, the faulte is in you.
You would needes loue, though in your laſt lecture among your
ſententiæ, ſimilitudines and dicendi flores.
I made you write this in your paper booke, Littore quot conchæ,
tot ſunt in amore dolores.
¶ Thou didſt in deede Pedante, and I haue not it forgot, Fedele.
¶ Now you finde it by proofe, I beleeue you will not. Pedante.
But let this matter paſſe, and tell me Sir, how with Fortunio you
Did you touch him ſo neere that his heart did bleede? (ſpeede,
¶ Oh no, for in Victoria he hath ſuch confidence, Fedele.
That he excuſeth her, and now miſtrusteth my pretence.
¶ What remedy then? pedante.
¶ I knowe not, for he ſaith, except that I can plainly proue, Fedele,
That other men beſides him ſelfe Victoria doeth loue.
He was, and is, and will be hers, ſo long as he doth liue,
¶ Accidit in puncto, quod non contingit in anno, very good cōſell for pedante.
Doe you ſee this braue robe? (this I can giue.
¶ I doe, very well, Fedele.
¶ But why I haue brought it, you cannot tell, pedante.
¶ No truſt me. (Victoriaes mayde? Fedele.
¶ Did not I tel you that for your ſake I begā to curry fauour with pedante.
¶ Indeede Pedante, I remember ſuch a thing you ſaide. Fedele.
¶ She tooke order this very day with mee, Put on the pedante.
That diſguiſed on this maner, as by and by you ſhall ſee. Robe.
Euen thus Sir beholde, I ſhould come this night,
Diſguiſed that no man might know me by ſight.
And begge an almes at the doore, ſhe would let me in ſtraighte,
And make me a poſſet for my labour, that ſo well can waight.

We ſhall be as merry as cup and can, when I am once there,
e]dele. ¶What's this to me?
]edante. ¶Tuſh take you no care:
Look that ſome pretty corner, by you may be eſpied,
Where you and Fortunio your ſelues may hide.
Be both of you heer about the mid'ſt of the night,
That when I come out, both of you of me may haue a ſight.
I at departure wil bid Victoria farwell,
Commend my entertainment, and ſay it dooth excell.
This will make him to think as ſoon as I am gone,
That Victoria loueth not him alone.
]edele. ¶O excellent.
]edante. ¶See what an olde Fox theſe rotten raggs ſhrowds,
I can play the knaue and conuay it in the clowdes.
But heare you Sir?
]edele. ¶What ſaiſt thou?
]edante. ¶Hould faſt Maſter Fortunio, til I be out of his reach,
Leaſt he cut me in peeces when he heares me preach.
]edele. ¶Fear not, be ſuer he ſhall not ſtirre before I ſee thee gon,
Farwel, and thankes to finiſh this, I wil to him anon. Exit.
]edante. ¶Adiew Sir, If Appollo the very brother of Diana and Iupiters
For the loue of a Lady that was hard to be wun. (ſonne,
Thought it no ſhame in a Shepheards weed,
Him ſelfe to debaſe, the ſooner to ſpeed.
Should I that am not worthy to beare out Apollos
chamberpot, think any ſcorne,
That theſe raſcolly ragges by me ſhould be worne.
So long as I doo it my ſute for to moue:
And further my Maſter with my flauering loue.
Quod exemplo fit, iure fieri putant, Tully dooth ſay,
Whoſe authoritie is a priuiledge to follow this way.
Therfore god Appollo whoſe example I take,
Vouchſafe to ſtay the courſe of thy Charriot a while for my ſake.
Suffer not thy horſes to haſten the day,
But prolong ỹ night, as when Iupiter thy father with Alcmena lay.
Peraduenture I may get a young Hercules as wel as he,
But for very ſinne and ſhame too, ſo it ſhould be.
If I ſpeed wel this day, I will ſhut vp my ſchoole door euery yeer,

It

It ſhall be feſtiuall to my Schollers, to make good cheere.
They ſhall play if they will, from morning to night,
During that time, they ſhall not be cõſtrained to come in my ſight.
This will be cake and pudding to them that are truantly,
And care not how little they take for their mony.
A begging Pedante, I a begging I goe, Beg at Virginiaes gate.
Tic, toc, fate vna limoſina, á vn pouerino.
¶ What bolde begger haue we at the gate, Pamphila comes Pamphila.
Art thou not aſhamed to goe a begging ſo late? to the doore.
¶ No good miſtreſſe, it is no ſhame at all, Pedante.
But the greateſt honour that vnto a man may fall.
For an Almes is a gift, and a gifte is a token of reuerence I trow,
And reuerence is, when our ſuperiours we know.
Thus I being preſented of all men with almes as you ſee,
Reuerenced of all men of force I muſt bee.
¶ For reaſoning ſo deepely, no Almes ſhall you haue, Pamphila.
Becauſe I will not honour ſuch a beggerley knaue. Exit.
¶ Farewell and be hangde, there I was ouer-reacht with a crookte Pedante.
Witte bought at this rate is an excellent treaſure. (meaſure,
Beginnings are harde, this prouerbe is olde,
Therefore at ſome other bodies doore I meane to be bolde.
Tic, toc, fate limoſina: popoli mei benedetti, Beg at Victoriaes gate.
Che iddio v' aiuterá, nelle voſtre tribulationi.
Tic, toc, chi la diua ouer la fara dire, Enter Crackſtone out
Di buona morte non potrà morire. of Victoriaes houſe.
¶ What ſturdy knaue haue we heer in the ſtreete, Crack-ſt
To begge at this time of the night? Sirra t'is not meete.
Packe hence Sirra I aduiſe you, leaſt I giue you a lowce,
Or take thee by the heeles and throw thee ouer the howſe.
¶ Good maiſter beate not the poore, when they make their mone, Pedante.
T'is not long ſince your courrage was as colde as a ſtone.
¶ What lawcy knaue, me thinkes he doeth prate, Crack-ſt
Doeſt thou know to whome thou ſpeakeſt, or at whoſe gate?
¶ No good maiſter, be good to me, I beſeeche you, for I haue done, Pedante.
I were beſt to be quiet till he be gone.
¶ We haue many good ſtartoppes made heer in the cittie, Crack-ſt.
For publiſhing theſe bargery knaues that goe vp and down idlely
See how he is ſcapte, and ſhrinketh aſide,

My lookes are to bigge for him too abide.
T'is a wonder to ſee how they crouch where ſoeuer I come,
If I ſtande they ſtoupe, if I ſpeake they are dumbe.
Miſtreſſe Victarrogantie hath ſent for me,
Her Chaplen againſt Fedele to be.
If I kill him for her ſake, and put him to ſhame,
She hath promiſte me her loue, to rewarde the ſame.

Pedante. ¶ Oh, Traditora. (driuen to lay out my heart in my hoſe,

Crack-ſt. ¶ How am I bound to Mars, ỳ when my ſtomack ſo ſwelles ỳ I am
He ſowes vp my gorget with the ſlaughter of my foes.
I'le goe put on my Horſlittor, & the reſt of mine Armor ſtraight,
And here about her houſe for him I will waight.
Euery night ſhe ſaith, he comes ſneaking heer by,
But if he come now, I will handle him trimly. Exit.

Pedante. ¶ Goe goodman Gooſe, prouide you, & arme you as well as you can,
Lay about you, and play the proper man.
In tempore veni, I came hether in the nicke,
My maſter ſhall ſpeedely heare of this tricke.
Yet will I goe forward with my buſineſſe as I decreede,
And trye how well of my purpoſe I am like to ſpeede.
Tic toc, vna limoſina al poueretto,
Date Signora per l'amour di Dio.

Attilia. ¶ Who is there?

pedante. ¶ Your charitie good miſtreſſe,

Attilia. ¶ Enter and take it,

pedante. ¶ God rewarde you good miſtreſſe, I will not forſake it. Exit.

The third Act being doone, the Conſort ſounds
a ſollemne Dump.

Actus quarta. Scena prima.

Enter Meduſa and Pamphila.

O Happie is I truſt that Doctors ſoule by whom I learnde,
This famous Arte, and eaſely by it my liuing earnde.
O that he knew how deere his life and learning was to me,
O ỳ he could but for his death my griefe and ſorrowe ſee.

pamphila. ¶ Meduſa, if I did not feare my honour and my name,
Would ſoone be loſt hereby, and turne my credite into ſhame.
I would become thy Scholler, but I bluſh to ſpeake of it,

‡No

¶ No Pamphila, for such a mistresse thou art farre vnfit. Meduſa.
What talkſt thou of thy name, and honour likely to be loſt,
By learning of myne Arte? which ſhould be honord of the moſte.
And more eſteemde then Phiſike.
¶ Why? Pamphila[
¶ That's eaſy to be proued, Meduſa.
For, as by Phiſikes learned ſkill, diſeaſes be removed.
So by my cunning, euery ſmarte that doth afflict the minde,
Is put to chace, for euery griefe, a remedy I finde.
‡ And haue you any ſalue for loue? Pamphila.
¶ I haue. Meduſa.
‡ Whereof is it made? Pamphila.
¶ Of diuers things, ſimple, and mixte, according to my trade. Meduſa.
¶ Then if for loue, or mony, you will graunt me my requeſte, Pamphila.
Let me once by your cunning ſee, my mistreſſe haue ſome reſte.
¶ Whome ſerue you then? Meduſa.
¶ Forſooth, I ſerue mistreſſe Virginia. Pamphila.
¶ Yet farther, let me craue your name. Meduſa.
¶ My name is pamphila. Pamphila.
¶ What's her diſeaſe? Meduſa.
¶ Nothing but loue. Pamphila.
¶ How fareth ſhe with it? Meduſa.
¶ Sad, ſicke, and ſore, with ſorrow pinde, and diſpoſeſſe of wit. Pamphila.
¶ Whome loueth ſhe? Meduſa.
¶ Fedele. Pamphila.
¶ And how long hath ſhe bin ſo? Meduſa.
¶ I know not, yet I geſſe, that ſhe ſickned a yeere agoe. Pamphila.
¶ What if I helpe her? tell me who ſhall pleaſe me for my paine? Meduſa.
¶ My ſelfe, becauſe vnknowen to her, I ſeeke her health to gaine. Pamphila.
¶ A louing ſeruant, goe thy wayes and leaue it all to me. Meduſa.
But harke thee.
¶ What? Pamphila.
¶ Let me haue paſſage to her lodging free. Meduſa.
That when ſhe little thinkes thereof, my Medcins I may make,
By vertue of the which, her wounded heart may comfort take.
The leſſe ſhe lookes for remedy,
the more is her delight, when t'is obtaynde.
¶ Then let's be gon. Pamphila.

¶ Content,

Medusa. ¶Content, for it is night.
And yonder comes Fedele with Fortunio hand in hande,
To shunne suspect, they shal not see vs talking here to stãde. Exit.

Actus quarta. Scena secunda.

Enter Fedele and Fortunio togither.

Fedele. ¶Come Sir Fortunio, now is the time to put you out of doubt, 1149
Whether Victoria loue you, or your dealings doe but floute.
Here let vs shrowde our selues a while, that standing out of sight,
We may perceiue what louers haunt Victoriaes house by night.
Fortunio. ¶Agreede, this is the fittest time to passe the streete,
And giue her musike at her windowe, for a gallant meete.
Fedele. ¶Whiste, for her doore beginnes to creake,
Fortunio. ¶It doeth in deede. Enter Pedante disguised, comming forth
Fedele. ¶I see. of Victoriaes house.
Fortunio. ¶A man me thinkes, O let me goe.
Fedele. ¶Stay Sir, be ruled by me,
Pedante. ¶O delicate Victoria so long as I liue, 1160
For this entertainement, great thankes will I giue.
The remembrance of the sweetenesse of this night so well past,
Will feede me with hony whyle my life doeth last. Exit.
Fortunio. ¶A villane, let me goe Fedele, let me goe I say:
I will reuenge this iniurie before he get away.
Fedele. ¶Not so, for raising of a tumult in the streete so late,
And troubling of the watche that stande armed at euery gate.
Fortunio. ¶Out strumpet, I will make thee now a mirror to this towne,
A pointing stocke to euery one that passeth vp and downe.
Fedele. ¶How will you be reuenged? 1170
Fortunio. ¶By swords, and sheathe it in her breste,
Fedele. ¶Be not too swift to serue her so, I thinke it were not beste.
Fortunio. ¶And why?
Fedele. ¶Because that if you kill her, then your selfe you doe defame,
Discredite her, and put her house, and kindred vnto shame.
Thus you shall euer walke in feare of those you neuer sawe,
Besides, her friendes will trippe at you, by danger of the lawe.
Fortunio. ¶How shall I be reuenged then?
Fedele. ¶Giue her a Fico out of hande,

So

¶So should I scape, but the reuenge in little steede would stande. Fortunio.
For she should die, and none should know the villainie she did,
But euery tong ere long shall talke of that, that I haue spide.
Some other way I will deuise,
¶Doe so, for I'le be gone. Exit. Fedele.
¶And I will see what this Victoria saith to me anon, Fortunio.
Who is there within? Knocke at her doore.

Actus quarta. Scena tertia.

Enter Victoria and Attilia to Fortunio.

¶Mistresse, beholde Fortunio. Attilia.
¶I come to him, welcome good Sir. Victoria,
¶Out Hipocrite, no, no, Fortunio,
How do you like your other loue?
¶I like of none, but you. Victoria.
¶Tush, holde your peace, I had as liue you tolde me that it snew. Fortunio.
Euen now came one out of thy house, who bidding thee farewell,
Triumphed of thy courtesie, and said it did excell.
¶Come hither mayde, what haue you done? tell me, Victoria.
why doe you weepe?
¶T'is no matter mistresse, you thinke I let in my companions Attilia.
when you are a sleepe.
¶But seeing you haue no better confidence in me,
Pay me my wages, I'le be gone, your seruant no longer will I be.
Seeing you goe about, me so much to disgrace,
Prouide for your selfe, I can haue more wages in another place.
¶Peace peeuish foole, I thinke not so, yet let me alke I pray, Victoria.
Because to slaunder me, you heare what Fortunio doeth say.
¶I force not what he saith, I know my conscience to be cleare, Attilia.
¶And so is mine, although so stoutly he reproue me heer. Victoria,
¶Then had I neither listning eares to heare, nor eyes to see, Fortunio.
Sithe they faile not, I'le credite them, and giue no heede to thee.
But trust to it, and looke for it, thou shalt repent at last,
That ere thou bleard'st Fortunioes sighte with such a iugling cast.
¶It booteth not to speake to him, he is in such a heate, Victoria.
But I durst lay my life Fedele wrought this feate.
¶It may be so. Attilia.
¶Thy falshood and thy Sorcerie, at length I haue perceiu'de, Fortunio.

But by thy ſubtile traine, no longer will I be deceiu'de.
Victoria. ¶I ſaid, it was Fedeles deede, but Crack-ſtone is too ſlow,
To cut him off, before this rumors roote beginne to grow.
Attilia. ¶Miſtreſſe, I'le ſeeke Crack-ſtone, and haſte him to the deede,
Els I perceiue that very ill, your ſelfe is like to ſpeede.
Victoria. ¶Doe ſo, and till I ſee Fortunioes angry moode be paſt,
T'is beſt out of his preſence to conueighe my ſelfe in haſte.
Farewell Sir Fortunio, thinke as you finde me. Exeunt Victo.
Fortunio. ¶I will, and will reuenge it as farre as you binde me. & Attilia.
Fye hartleſſe wretche, ſlowthfull, and that that's more,
Yet vnreuenged, why did I ſtay my hand?
Why did I not her faithleſſe body gore?
Whiles in my power before me ſhe did ſtand.
Why did I not for to fulfill my vowe:
Doe that, which none would couer nor allowe?
Her treaſon makes my raging thoughts to ſwell,
Beyonde the boundes of all humanitie,
Her falſhoode driues the Furies out of hell.
To practiſe ſtraunge and extreame crueltie.
Yet neither rancoures force, nor ougly fiende,
Hath ſcourge ynough for ſuch a double friende.
But yet before reuenge my furie take,
I'le offer ſeruice to Virginia.
Leaſt euery dame here after me forſake,
When it is knowen how I vſed Victoria.
Good lucke, Meduſa heer me thinkes I ſee,
A cunning broker, very fit for mee.

Actus quarta. Scena quarta.

Enter Meduſa, with a Pedlers Baſket vnder her arme, to Fortunio.

Meduſa. ¶Mytoyle ſo great, rewarde ſo ſmall,
that euery man dooth giue,
Hath made me weary of my trade, vncertaine how to liue.
Fortunio. ¶Well met Meduſa, whether goeſt thou with thy Packe ſo late?
Meduſa. ¶I was abroade to ſell my wares, at euery Ladies gate.
But being ouertaken thus by night, I hie me home,

Till

Till Fortune send a better market, for the worlde is done.
¶ What hast thou solde? Fortunio.
¶ Nothing but words, Medusa.
¶ What hast thou got? Fortunio,
Nothing but winde: Medusa.
¶ That market thou mightst well haue kept, Fortunio.
and yet haue left thy Packe behinde,
¶ Not so, for by the carriage that within my Medusa.
prettie Packe I haue,
I enter in those Ladies chambers,
that I finde both fine and braue.
And vnder colour of the trifles I beare about to sell,
I pleade for such as you good Syr,
that keele by loue the force of hell.
¶ What hast thou there? Fortunio.
¶ Talles Gorgets, Heares, Powders to make a Ball, Medusa.
Vallentia Gloues, and Venice Rolles,
to rubbe the teeth withall.
Laces, Purles, Rings, Buckes, Wyers, and Glasses fine,
Bracelettes, Perfumes, Stilled waters, Sops in wine.
Pinnes, Bodkins, Staies, and other kinde of stuffe,
No more but tell me what you lacke,
and you shall haue ynough.
A thousand knackes I haue,
to vtter, which I must be slow,
Because they are so secret, as becomes not you to knowe.
¶ Neither am I importunate, to wring it out of thee, Fortunio.
Yet must I craue thee now, to showe thy selfe a friend to mee.
¶ Wherein? Medusa.
¶ Euen in the loue that I to faire Virginia beare. Fortunio.
¶ I doubte it is too harde a talke, she loues Fedele so, Medusa.
That she by no meanes can be wonne, Fedele to forgo.
¶ Yet doe thy best, to moue my sute. Fortunio.
¶ The best I can I will, Medusa.
And ransacke euery corner of my wittes to shewe my skill.
Either it must be done by crafte, or Magicke, which you please,
¶ By Crafte, or Magicke, which you liste, Fortunio.
so I may purchase ease.

Medusa. ¶Sir, first by deceit I'le trie how I can bring the same about,
If shiftes doe faile, Enchaunted herbes shall put you out of doubt.
I will vnto her lodging straight, and stay your comming there,
Within an houre or halfe, to followe, see you doe not feare.
I'le tell her that I meane to bring Fedele to her bed,
When lightes are out, and sleepe is crept into her fathers head.
When you are in and halfe vnbraste, a tumult will I make,
And call her father vp, you in her chamber there to take.
You know age will suspect the worst, and when he sees you so,
Will force you then to marrie her, whether shee will or no.
Besides, when that the brute heer of is blowen in euery place,
Fedele and all other suters, will forsake the chace.
Loe, thus by subtiltie you shall possesse the dame you crau'de,
And yet by me when all is tolde, her honour shall be sau'de.

Fortunio. ¶This is as well as can be wisht, depart I pray thee straight.

Medusa. ¶I goe, forget not you to come. Exit.

Actus quarta. Scena quinta.

Enter Fedele with Pedante, and with them, two Watch-men with Billes.

Fortunio. ¶Upon thee will I waighte.
See where Fedele comes, because he shall not me suspecte,
I will auoyde the streetes a while, that nothing me detecte. Exit.

Fedele. ¶And is it so Pedante?

Pedante. ¶It is as I tell ye.
Attilia tolde me, that her mistresse had made a request,
To Crack-stone, to sheathe his sworde in your brest. (tent,
Besides I goe as you knowe, disguised to the house for an other in-
I sawe him come thence, bragging what he would doe,
in the streetes as he went.

Fedele. ¶Alas poore soule, I know he dare scarce looke a slye in the face,
But seest thou this? I will prouide my Captaine to disgrace.
Come on my friendes, goe you and set this net at the Lanes end,
For when he comes, my sworde vpon this Gallant will I bend.
And crye aloude arme, arme, as though our enemies had the wall,
He hearing this, will take his heeles and let his anger fall.
We will pursue him so, that we will driue him to the net,

When

When he is in, pull you the cordes, for that same purpose set.
And make him fast, then will we leade him hampred in the same,
With mirth and glee about the towne, to put him to the shame.
Goe set it vp.
¶We will. Watchmē
¶Ah, Sirra, I perceiue we shall goe a batfowling this night, Pedante.
I would ỳ Captaine would come, that of this prety sport I might
¶Whiste, not aworde, for he is at hande, (haue a fight. Fedele.
Come let vs both priuily in ambush stande.

Actus quarta. Scena sexta.

Enter Captaine Crack-stone, armed like a Champion.

¶Now shall my valeritie appeare vnto all, Crack-st.
How I can kill men, and serue a woman at her call.
My gr[ ]test grieke is, that in dooing this feate,
I am sure my honour will not be so greate.
As when I giue a charger to my foes in the open feelde,
Or put Cities into sackes, and make thousandes to yeelde.
To bring Fedele to the Counter, is but to fight with a flie,
There is neither praise, pride, nor prouidence in the victorie.
Therefore take heede Crack-stone what you doe,
You hazarde your good name, your honour standes on tip toe.
To kill a Gentlemā ỳ neuer ought me malice, is more thē crueltie,
And to kill him for a woman, will bring me vtterly to infancie.
Shall I kill him then? peraduenture yea: shall I let him go?
Peraduenture I may, peraduenture no.
Oh single deuise, here is a braine I beleeue,
Able to shoote birdboltes of inuentiōs, from my head into my sleeue.
I will make a great noyse before Victoriaes doore in the streete,
As though at this present with Fedele I did meete.
Then will I runne to her house amayne,
And make her beleeue that Fedele is slayne.
Then before that she heare any newes of his like,
I'le haue her to the Priest, and make her my wife.
Haue euen at it as well as I can, Fight with the Ayre.
Ah Villaines, thus many of you set vpon a naked man.
Drawe on my good fellowes and spare not, strike home,
Ah cowardly Daskardes, so sone be you gone?

F]edele. ¶Arme, Arme, Arme.
P]edante. ¶Kill, kill, kill.
F]edele. ¶Downe with Crack-ſtone.
P]edante. ¶Giue me a Bill. Heere Crack-ſtone runnes into the net, Fedele
F]edele. ¶Followe, followe. after him, leauing Pedante on the ſtage.
C]rack-ſt. ¶Out alas where am I now? 1369
P]edante. ¶Faſte ynough by this time I trow.
Is this my lusty kill Cow, that will eate vp ſo many men at a bit,
And when he deales with a ſhadowe will not ſtand to it?

Enter Fedele and two or three other, leading Crack-ſtone in the net, ſinging.

BE ſtill my mates, that keepe the gates,
When euery watch is ſet:
Your lucke is naught, your freendes haue caught,
Your Captaine in a net.
Heigh ho Crack-ſtone, heigh ho Crack-ſtone.
A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue, 1380
Heigh hoe, Crack-ſtone, luſtie and braue.
‡Now ſouldiers all, forſake the wall,
Your foes haue got the towne,
Manhood is fled, God Mars is dead,
Your Captaine is a clowne.
Heigh ho Crack-ſtone, Heigh ho Crack-ſtone,
A Nodie, a Nodie, a Nodie, we haue,
Victoria Heigh ho Crack-ſtone, luſty and braue. 1388
out at her Attilia, come hither ſtreight, ſome ſturre is in the ſtreete,
windowe. Me thinkes I heare the noiſe of men, and trampling of their feete.
Fedele. ¶Ah Sir, you meant to kill me you, to pleaſe Victoria,
But now I truſt to make of thee a pooze Crack-ſtone, if I may.
Crack-ſt ¶If that victorious Prince of battaile god Marche-beere, had not
I had made you euery one into corners to creepe. (bene a ſleepe,
T'is the Fortune of warre, lucke runnes not euer to one ſide,
Therefore I am content the pickatorie to abide.
I am not ſtrong Sampſon to breake out of your hands,
But oh ỳ ſome little hõgry Mouſe, would gnaw a ſunder my bãds.
I would giue you ſuch a frezado, or cãuazado, take which you pleaſe
As ſhould be ſmall to your comfort, and little to your eaſe. 1400
Pedante. ¶Oh what this Captaine would do, if he were out of his ſkin,

Till

Till his courage be cooler, I pray you holde him in.
¶ Mistresse, I can not tell what is best to be saide, Attilia.
Once more I perceiue you are betraide.
I see that Fedele and his friendes haue your Champion beset,
And now both to his shame and yours, he is caught in a net.
¶ Art thou sure that it is so? 1407 Victoria.
¶ Haue an eye to the ende. Attilia.
¶ Now let vs shew him to Victoria, his dearest friend. Here they Fedele.
¶ Then let him be led through euery streete in ỹ towne, bring him Pedante.
That euery crackrope, may throw rottē egs at ỹ clown. singing vn
¶ Hoe, Victoria if ỹ be awake, rise & looke out I pray, to Victor. Fedele.
¶ The hunt is vp, windowe. Crack-ſt.
And fooles be fledg'de before the perfect day. Shrinke in & looke
¶ Who calles? out againe. Victoria.
¶ Fedele: See the Champion, whome you set to murder me, Fedele.
This deed throughout the Cittie, shortly shall dishonour thee.
¶ Out, I defie him. Victoria.
¶ What sayest thou Attilia? 1419 Fedele.
¶ He is a knaue, I denie him. Attilia.
¶ Thou art a Drabbe and a Queane, if my name be Crack-stone, Crack-ſt
I was requested to this, both by thee and Victoria. (you say?
¶ By my mistresse and me good man Coward, doe you know what Attilia.
Take ỹ Sir, your face was not washte yester day. Emptie a chā-
¶ A rope on all whores, will you drinke any Ale, ber pot on his Crack-ſt
I thinke she crowned me with a potle of stale. head.
This drinke was ill brued, and might haue bene sparde, 1427
The very graines of the Malte, stickes fast to my beard.
¶ You will tell me more anon, when euery maide in this towne, Pedante.
Hath emptied her almes box on the top of your crowne. (me go,
¶ Alas good maister Fedele, as you are a Gentleman, no farther let Crack-ſt
I shall be chok'te with this dole, if you handle me so. (other mē are,
Consider I am a man, subiect to ỹ same pressing-yron of ỹ minde ỹ
For the loue of a woman, ouerwhelmed with care.
I confesse I am as you are, flesh & blood, and loued Victoria so well,
That I could haue bin content for her sake, to haue gone quicke to
Therefore forgiue me, and if I take not your part, (hell.
and be reuenged vpon her, before I doe rest,
Set the gun-shot of tyrannie to the bulwarkes of my breste.

Cut

Cut off my Rammes hornes, and breake into the belfrie,
And bleſſe the curled dayes of my virginitie.

Pedante. ¶ He rowles in his Retorike as an Ape in his tayle,
Wynde and tide at commaundement, he flyes with full ſayle.

Fedele. ¶ So that thou ſeeke all meanes thou canſt, Victoria to deface,
And blaze her in eache company, and ſtrike her in diſgrace.
I let thee goe. Let him out of the net.

Crack-ſt ¶ Unhoode me I pray,
I am as wearie of my cariage as a Dogge of his day.

Pedante. ¶ Slacke the cordes there my maſters, giue him ſea-roome in haſte,
Cloſe ayre is not holſome for Gallants to taſte.

Crack-ſt ¶ Now I beginne to feele my heart by little & little riſe out of my hoſe,
Yet the ſente of this water, is ſtill in my noſe.
I thinke I am the perplexionableſt man that liues at this day,
For I would faine be reuenged of Victoria, and I know not which way.

Pedante. ¶ Follow my counſell, and be ruled by mee,
Then ſhalt thou ſee Captaine, what I'le doe for thee.
I'le teache thee a way, to crye quittance with her before it be long,
And make her recant her chatering at window with an other ſong.

Crack-ſt ¶ Gramercy Pediculus, thou art the comfortableſt fellowe
that euer I did ſee,
I thinke thou waſt borne vnder ſome merry Planet,
in the time of diuerſitie.

Fedele. ¶ Now ſith Victoriaes name is like for euer to be loſt,
Further reuenge I will not ſeeke, as I to her did boſte.
Becauſe that as my ſelfe vniuſtly ſeru'd Virginia.
So am I now iuſtly requited by Victoria.
Therefore Pedante goe, and pardon of Virginia craue,
And tell her that I will be hers,

Pedante. ¶ That's it ſhe would haue.
But I beſeech you Sir, tarry till the day be light,
I am loth to goe ſtumbling in the ſtreetes this night,

Fedele. ¶ Then till the morning let it reſt, but early ſee thou riſe,
And doe my meſſage in the meekeſt ſort thou canſt deuiſe.
Meanewhyle wee'le home and take a ſleepe, Exit with them that
for I am ouer-watcht. helde the net.

Pedante. ¶ Very well Sir, beare you the net after,
I haue ſome buſineſſe with the Captaine to be diſpatcht.

Now

Now maiſter Captaine come with me,
for as ſoone as my maiſter to bed I haue brought,
You ſhall ſee what a thing for you I haue wrought.
And becauſe you haue determined on Victoria to reuenge your
It muſt be done this night or neuer, time doe not prolong. (wrong,
As her flatterie this night, bring did you in bandes,
So this night I ſhall deliuer her into your handes.
¶Then let vs away and our ſelues prouide, Crack-ſt.
Thou knoweſt the paruerbe, no body taries for the tide. Exeunt.

The fourth Act being ended, the Conſort ſoundeth
a pleaſant Allemaigne.

Actus quinta. Scena prima.

Enter Fortunio alone.

I Knowe Virginia loues Fedele beſt,
Meduſa likewiſe may be ſent to ſlowte:
My ſelfe her fauour neuer yet poſſeſt,
If none of theſe, yet all may make me doubte.
How ſeruice ſhould with bright triumphing face,
Diſperſe the cloudes, that put my ioyes to chace.
Yet if Fedele be not lik'te alone,
Or if Meduſa of true promiſe be:
Or faire Virginia will be mou'de by mone.
If not all theſe, yet one may pleaſure me.
Therefore, to giue the watch word I'le beginne, Whiſtle.
Good lucke, the doore opens, I'le enterin. Exit.

Enter Atilia.

¶Take heede Attilia, was not that Fortunio thou did'ſte ſee? Attilia.
T'is now midnight, ſo late abroade i'th ſtreete what maketh he?
I ſee Pedante is not heer, I muſe he meetes me not,
I litle thought he could ſo ſoone his promiſe haue forgot.
If he be maiſter of his word, and loue me as his life,
The time is come to ſhewe the ſame, and take me for his wife.

Actus quinta. Scena ſecunda.

Enter Pedante and Crack-ſtone with the Beggers weede.

Come on Sir apace, what makes you ſo ſlacke?
Preſently put me this Robe on your backe.

Now get you vp along the ſtreete, and be not afrayde,
There ſhall you meete Victoria, in the apparell of her mayde.
Thinking you thus diſguiſed, to be Fortunio,
Very ready you ſhall finde her with you to go.
When you haue her, hold faſt, for ſhe will not reſiſt,
Woe her, wed her, bedde her, and vſe her as you liſt.
Either now or neuer, your deſire you ſhall haue,
Or be reuenged on the entertainement that out of her windowe to (you ſhe gaue.
Crack-ſt. ¶See the force of loue, how it is able for a neede,
To ſhrowde a braue minde in a baſe kinde of weede.
Maiſter Pediculus, or Pedantonie, I am not very proſpect in your (name,
If this geare fall out, I ſhall be bound while I liue,
to thanke you for the ſame.
Pedante. ¶I would not be he that ſhould ſo couragious a Captaine,
and valiant Gentleman deceiue.
Therefore trie me, & truſt me, for this time I purpoſe to take my (leaue
Crack-ſt. ¶Farewell little Paſtrie, Exit.
If I may meete with Miſtreſſe Victoriarie heer.
Thinking that Fortunio in this place, to her will appeare.
Either I will make her incant the former words that ſhe ſpake,
When ſhe defied me, & denied that ſhe wild me to kil Fedele for her
Or I will backe beate her, & belly beate her too too pitifully, (ſake.
You know loue is a fire, and they ſay fire and water hath no mercy.
But firſt I will ſpeake her faire, becauſe to be plaine,
Commonly faire fooles make wordes and perſwaſions to be faine.
Attilia. ¶Alas how long in the ſtreete ſhall I for my Pedante ſtay?
He promiſed to meete me heer, and ſteale me quite away.
Some body in the ſtreete I heare, I truſt the ſame is hee,
And ſo I doe perſwade me, by the beggers weede I ſee.
Crack-ſt ¶I'le beleeue Pediculus againe another day,
For yonder in Alice tittle tattles parrell the Miſtreſſe dooth ſtay,
O ỳ I had ſome of Pediculus Schoole-butter to make me a lip ſalue,
Or could but wet my tonge in his inkhorne,
for women will herken when we ſpeake braue.
O thou that carrieſt a ball of wilde fire in thine eye,
to burne vp my heart,
What ſhall I ſay more, to let out my ſmarte.
The time will not ſuffer to ſhew my proſperitie,

Therefore

Therefore I committe you to the Gods for lacke of brevitie.

Actus quinta. Scena tertia.

Enter Sbirri the Captaine of the watche, with some Soldiers, and with him Mistresse Victoria.

¶See how Pedante counterfeites Crack-stone in talke, Attilia.
Thereby we shall escape, and through the watch in safetie walke.
¶Captaine Sbirri, this night my maide Attilia ran away, Victoria.
Her I beseeche you, if she be not past the watch, to stay.
Some thing I doubt that she hath stolne, and carried to her mates,
Therefore I pray beset the streetes, and all the citie gates.
¶Mistresse Victoria I will, but some bodie I see, 1562 Sbirri.
¶Steppe to them bothe and take them streight, Victoria
for sure the same is shee.
¶Come mine own Parragon, Crack-st.
I know thou hast tarried for me all this while,
Therefore follow me streight,
least the lickorish Souldiers meete vs, and me beguile.
¶Softe not so fast, Sbirri.
but stay I charge you in the Princes name, 1570
¶God saue the Princes grace, Crack-st.
and put his enemies to shame.
Wee are the Kings friendes,
I would you should well knowe,
Therefore trouble vs no farther, but let vs goe.
The kings head is occupied with matters of great importunitie,
I know he is not conswapted,
at this time to speake with me.
We are peace-able people,
we haue no weapons heere, 1580
We are neither drunke nor sober,
nor make any steere.
Get you to your places, keepe the watch as you should,
And wee'le to our lodging you may be bould.
¶Nay Sir, we will know your name, Sbirri.
and eke the place where you haue beene,

Whether you goe, night-walkers heer are very ſeldom ſeene.
Crack-ſt ¶Then I pray you, what make you abroade ſo late? 1588
T'is longing to your office to keepe the gate.
As for our names, I know of no ſuch commencement you haue,
Why you ſhould be ſo pearchant the ſame to craue.
Attilia. ¶We haue bin foorth at ſupper Sir, i'the towne with a good friend,
And now we are returning home, nigh at our journies end.
Victoria. ¶What Minion, are you there indeede?
Attilia. ¶My Miſtreſſe, out alas,
Beholde Pedante we are tane, how ſhall we doe to paſſe?
Crack-ſt, ¶I hold fourty pound I am Unckled, I would Pediculus were heer,
I would meete with the ſcalde Squitterbe-booke for this geare.
Sbirri. ¶Is this your mayde?
Crack-ſt. ¶It is. 1600
Sbirri. ¶Lay hold on her with ſpeede,
Let vs ſee what Vagabonde is hid within this weede.
Crack-ſtone? Whowe?
Crack-ſt. ¶And whowe too then, did you neuer ſee man before?
I am not taken in deuowtrie, therefore wonder no more.
Attilia. ¶A halter come to him, is it hee?
Sbirri. ¶Sorrie I am good Captaine, you in ſuch a caſe to ſee.
Heer you are taken with this mayde, which is like to be tachte
Of felloníe, and accellarie you with her are cachte.
Crack-ſt. ¶I ſteale nothing from women but their honeſtie: 1610
Which is as good, as he that robbes the Printer of a Bible,
becauſe he would ſtudie Diuinitie.

Actus quinta. Scena quarta.

Enter Fortunio running halfe vnreadie, after him Ottauiano the father to miſtreſſe Virginia, and Meduſa with a ſpitte in her hande, and to them Fedele and Pedante, with weapons in their handes.

Ottaui. ¶Stoppe, ſtoppe.
Sbirri. ¶What meaneth this? come bende your weapons at them all,
Whome ſhall we ſtoppe? 1620
and what's the cauſe that makes you thus to call?
Fedele. ¶Pedante, take thy ſworde, Fedele and Pedante ſpeake out at
arile let's goe into the ſtreete, a windowe within.

Some

Some wondrous broyle I doubt there is,
¶I am so fast wrapt in the vpper sheete. Pedante.
That I can not get out, I pray you make not such haste,
Till you thinke that the hottest of the broile be paste.
¶Stay Captaine, lay no handes on me, a Gentleman I am, Fortunio[
And will not flitte,
¶Woe worth the time that to my house he came. Ottaui.
¶Ottauiano, what's the cause of your lamenting crye? Sbirri.
Let's knowe, hath Sir Fortunio done you any iniurie?
Enter Fedele and Pedante with weapons.
¶Come quickely man, let's see this Pageant ere it take an ende, Fedele.
¶He that breaks me of my sleepe, is none of my freende, Pedante.
¶Ah wretche that am I alas, and halfe vndone, Virginia.
¶What strange kinde of broyle is this that is begonne? Pedante.
¶Is it Fortunio in deede? This is thy treacherie, Meduſa. Ottaui.
¶Mine, alas good Sir, you doe me iniurie, Meduſa.
I graunt that after I had brought my young mistresse to bed,
Feeling the sleepe shut vp mine eyes,
and drouping with my head,
I laide me downe to take my rest, and so with haste forgot,
To locke the doores about the house, and how it comes God wot,
I can not tell, but when I set a nap and wooke againe,
I heard a buckling in the darke, and then did I complaine.
And cryed aloude to you for helpe, whereat immediatly,
This Gentleman withdrewe him selfe, and roothy began to flye.
¶Master. Pedante.
¶What sayst thou? Fedele.
¶Your cake is dowe, Pedante.
¶It killes me to thinke on it: the greater my woe. Fedele.
¶This is lucke nidget with all my heart, Crack-ſt
¶I am glad, that I haue some body to take my part.
But oh that my handes were at liberalitie now to strike,
I would set my Gramariner a lesson to pike.
¶Ah Sir Fortunio, vse you thus the man that lou'de you best, Ottaui.
Take him, this villainie shall not be turned to a iest.
¶Quiet your selfe Ottauiano, sith it is so past, Sbirri.
The brute will not be called backe so long as like dooth last.
His punishment makes not your daughter as she was before,

But giue her vnto him to wife, and talke of it no more.
His liuing is as good as yours, make vp the match with ſpeede,
O]ttaui. ¶Neede hath no lawe, I am content, if they be bothe agreede.
V]irginia. ¶Alas I neuer knew the man, he neuer tought me yet,
I loue Fedele, and he alone is for Virginia fit?
F]edele. ¶I'le take no wife at ſecond hande, thankes for your curteſie,
Let him that hath poſſeſt your honor, weare the ſame for me.
P]edante. ¶In euery Tennis Court in the world, falſe play it is found,
To take vp the Ball at the ſecond rebound.
F]ortunio. ¶Virginia, if that you can be content,
To like of him that loues you in his heart:
Giue me your hand, and if your minde be bent,
To marrie me, I neuer meane to parte.
My life, and liuing, more you can not craue,
Remaineth yours, doe now but aſke and haue.
Virginia. ¶I thanke you Sir, in that it pleaſeth you to vſe me ſo,
My promiſe was nigh graunted to Fedele long ago.
Fortunio. ¶But he hath now forſaken you.
Fedele. ¶Virginia, you are free,
Aſſure your ſelfe, your marriage neuer ſhall be ſtaide by me.
Virginia. ¶Then if you loue I will be yours.
Fortunio. ¶Shall I haue your good will?
Ottaui. ¶You haue.
Fortunio. ¶I loue you then, and meane to loue you ſtill.
Meduſa. ¶Now man and wife, Ottauiano hearken vnto me,
Although this Gallant in Virginiaes chamber you did ſee.
Yet is her honour as it was, vnſpotted by the ſame,
And kept by me, which euer had regarde vnto her name.
Fortunio made his mone and ſaid, he lou'de Virginia beſt,
Virginia for Fedeles ſake could neuer take her reſt.
His minde was on Victoria, Virginia light eſteemde,
Now that Virginiaes life and libertie might be redeemde.
I brought Fortunio to the houſe when ſhe was faſt a ſleepe,
And cloſe this night into her chamber both of vs did creepe.
I made him to vnbrace him ſelfe, and preſently did call
For you to come, as though ſome greater matter did befall.
You came, he fled, and now is taken in Fedeles ſight,
As though Virginia had diſhonoured beene by him this night.

Which

Which is not so, but this was done to bleare the gazers eyes,
To pleasure him, and saue her life, this thing did I deuise.
¶ O mischieuous head, maister did you heare this geare, Pedante.
Such a girle is worth golde in a deare yeere.
¶ I ipse tipse, tittle, tittle este amen, Crack-st.
Such a wench is not be found in the woorldagaine.
I haue heard it often, and nowe I do proue,
That women are suttle woormes for the conuariance of loue.
¶ If this be true I ioy? Ottaui.
¶ Els take my head, Fortunio.
I came not nigh Virginia, although she were in bed.
¶ Fortunio you are quitte with me, for when we lay in scowte, Fedele.
To watch by faire Victoriaes house, who passed in and out.
It was my man disguisde, that issued forth out of the same,
That for the nonce by me was set, to call Victoria by her name.
He went vnto Attilia, with counterfeited loue,
That by his meanes, from fayre Victoria I might you remoue.
You seeing him, and hearing when he came foorth, what he said,
Thought he had bene with her,
when he had bene but with the maide.
Whereat you stormde, and left the chace
of her that lou'de you deere,
Which is no grieke at all to me, that hopes to winne her heere.
Therefore Victoria now forget Fortunio which is lotte,
And loue Fedele, who for you, yet neuer spared cotte.
Let fall thy wrath, for giue me too, that meanes to be thine owne,
T'is seldome seen but warres haue end, whē foes are ouerthrown.
¶ Sith you haue so preuented me, and perfect loue protestе, Victoria.
I will put vp the iniurie, and yours for euer rest.
¶ My nose is ioynted, I may goe shoe the Gosling now if I will, Crack-st,
He that eats with ẏ deuil without a long spoone, his fare wil be ill.
What spirits of the Buttry were abroad this night,
I haue beene so hard harted to mine enemies,
that I thinke all the Gods of loue ought me a spite.
I graunt I am none of these fine Criminadoes,
that can tumble in a Genlewomās lap, and rumble in her eare,
But without vauntage be it spoken,
I am as good as the best at the push of a speare.

I can

I can cut and laſh to make mine enemies to bleede. (ſteede.
And pricke it proudly I tell you, when I am ſurmounted vpon my

S]birri. ¶Miſtreſſe Victoria, now I ſee this onely reſts to knowe,
What ſhall be done vnto your mayde, or ſhall we let her goe?

V]ictoria. ¶Sith with Crack-ſtone this night, you tooke my maide ſo ſhorte,
To priſon with her if you pleaſe, to cut off her reſorte.

A]ttilia. ¶Good miſtreſſe beare with me, I tooke no hurt by him at all,
But meane to tell you iuſtly how the matter did befall.
The Schoolemaiſter that on Fedele euer dooth attende,
Promi'ſte to marrie me this night, my ſeruile life to ende.
Upon whoſe woord, from you I fled, and ſtaide for him in the ſtreete
Where I againſt my will, with this Crack-ſtone did meete.

Crack-ſt ¶Bowle to thy biaſe, maſter Pediculus, I pray you take your wife,
You and I for this matter will not ſtande at ſtrife.
Are you bememberde what you ſaid when you conſulted with me,
To come hether in this parrell ſecretly.

Pedante. ¶What maiſter Crack-ſtone, and miſtreſſe Attilia,
you are welcome to the buttes,

Crack-ſt ¶Welcome with a Knaues name, I beſhrumpe your guttes.

Pedante. ¶Why ſo Sir? (ſhould ſee.

Crack-ſt. ¶Didſt not thou tell me, that in this parrell miſtreſſe Victoria I
This night in the ſtreete to be compenſed of my iniurie,

Pedante. ¶So you may if you pleaſe, take your eyes in your hande,
Turne about Sir, and ſee where Victoria doth ſtande.
And as for Attilia, as you brew, ſo bake,
I am not ſo bale minded your leauings to take.

Attilia. ¶Why maiſter Pedante, will you ſerue me ſo?

Pedante. ¶I muſt I perceiue whither I will or no.

Crack-ſt. ¶Drawe Villaine.

Sbirri. ¶Soft there Crack-ſtone, be not too raſh to proffer fight,
You and this mayde together in the darke were tane this night.
The matter is ſuſpitious, ſith he forſaketh her,
To take her to your wife no time you ſhould deferre.
We cannot force her vpon him, ſith ſhe was tane with you.
And howſoeuer you cloke it, none your meeting can allowe.

Crack-ſt ¶Well ſith there is no remorſe of conſcience to be founde,
How ſaiſt thou Allice tittle tattle,
art thou content by loue to be bounde?

For

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